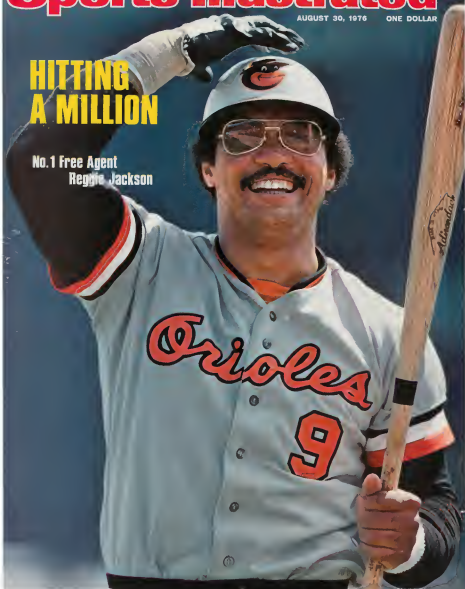


Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 30, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

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No. 1 Free Agent
Reggie Jackson



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Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	15	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg cigarette	nicotine mg cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Mints Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*2	*0.2
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

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CONTENTS

AUGUST 30, 1976 Volume 45, No. 9

Cover photograph by Manny Mann

14 He's Free at Last

Reggie Jackson is on top of his game, and soon he will be cashing in on his line season

by Ron Fimre

18 A Pleasure Once More

Since his Derby disaster, Honest Pleasure has been a dud, but he came back with a bang

by William Leggett

20 Ball of Fire in a Fireball

Despite being deliberately late to the starting line, a Yale junior outsailed his seniors

22 It Should Have Been the Final

The NASL's top two teams met in the playoff quarterfinals. Tampa Bay beating New York

by J. D. Reed

28 No Sound, No Vision

Hurting down a precipitous Italian alp at 120 mph, skiers pursue the world speed record

by Christopher Matthews

32 Tarnished Triumphs

Wynn won 300 games, Clemente had 3,000 hits, but their legacies do not match their records

by Roger Kahn

78 Meet the Girl Next Door

At the age of 21, Chris Evert is finding out that life can be fun as well as games

by Curry Kirkpatrick



The Departments

9 Scorecard

64 Baseball

66 TV/Radio

68 Pool

Charts on page 91

73 Pro Football

76 Golf

91 For the Record

92 19th Hole

Next Week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1976 kicks off with a fearless forecast of the Top 20 teams, including No. 1 as in "We're No. 1." A probably fictitious coach tells John Underwood what's wrong with the game while four genuine new coaches tell Underwood how they're going to put things right. Plus evaluations of 12 conferences, the independents and small colleges and Robert Cantwell's paean to the composers of college songs—a special fanfare for Cole Porter, Yale '13.

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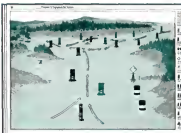
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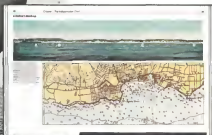
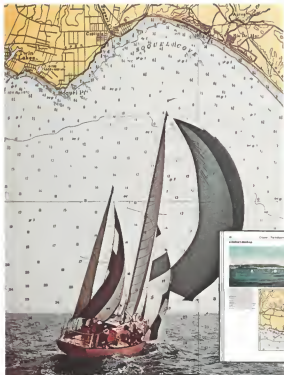
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SCORECARD

by James DOUGLASS, TORONTO

PLAYING REAL GAMES...

You can tell it's almost time for the pro football season to start: everyone is mad at everyone else.

The fans are disgusted with the pre-season games in which they get the privilege of watching players perform today who get cut tomorrow. The players are mad at the coaches for making them practice too long in the sun and not letting them play enough in the games. And the owners are mad about all sorts of things—that the fans have the gall to boycott these meaningless summer contests, that players don't seem to try hard enough; and that everyone in their organization is spending too much money.

A lot of the problem is that exhibition games are inferior athletically and bombs financially. About 11,000 spectators showed up the other day to see Tampa Bay play Atlanta; fewer than that appeared in New York to watch the Jets play Oakland. There have been some large crowds, too. But not many.

The solution is obvious: instead of each NFL team playing six exhibitions and 14 regular-season games as they do now, make it two exhibitions and 18 regular-season contests.

Count the benefits: the season thankfully would not be lengthened, players would not run as much risk of preseason injury and, with increased revenues, their salaries could go up; fans would much prefer seeing real football and would attend in droves; owners would enjoy immensely seeing the seats filled; and the coaches would have the simple task of cutting away their unplayable talent quicker and playing for real sooner.

...AND SPENDING REAL MONEY

Speaking of disgruntled owners, here comes the New Orleans Saints' John Mecom Jr., who is getting tired of waiting every year for next year.

In a recent exhibition game, his club played terribly until the second half. But Mecom fumed, "Don't give me that stuff about playing a great second half. If that's

the case, then we should have been counting only one half of each game for the last 10 years, which means we've been screwing up for only five years instead of 10."

Again, it's mostly the money thing that's irking Mecom, who says that even if his perennially lowly Saints (2-12 in 1975) sell out every home game, the team still will lose \$1.3 million. Which is why free-spending new Coach Hank Stram erred when he spent \$20,000 on extra goalposts for summer camp and \$4,000 on a big TV for his office. Not to mention glow-in-the-dark parking signs for the players.

"Next year Mr. Stram will be on a concrete budget," says Mecom. "Anything he spends over that will have to come out of his own pocket. I had no idea it was going to be like this. I know what it's like going first class, but we've gone way beyond that." Plus, the boss grumps, Stram is going to have to get along better with the club's front office.

Mecom had one parting shot: "Let's don't paint a picture that we have any problems down here." Now, John, how could anyone get that impression?

PUCKISHNESS

So you always wanted to be a hockey player? Consider the cautionary tale of Doug Ferguson.

Ferguson was drafted by the Philadelphia Flyers in 1973 and was sent first to Richmond, then to the Philadelphia Firebirds of the North American Hockey League. After last season, Firebird Coach and General Manager Gregg Pilling heard the 23-year-old defenseman's plea for a \$15,000 salary for 1976-77. Since Pilling thought Ferguson's talents were worth about \$12,000, he sold Ferguson to the Maine Nordiques for \$250.

Come summer, the NHL had an antirule-draft, and Maine's general manager, Maurice Ducharme, did not include Ferguson among the 14 players he could protect. So Ferguson was drafted. By the Firebirds. Why? Says Pilling, "I like to

play and in my job I know Major League players and I like to make money." Within five minutes after drafting Ferguson, Pilling rang up Ducharme: "You want Ferguson back?" he asked. "Sure," said Ducharme. And on Ducharme coughed up another \$250. Why did Pilling do this to you, Mr. Ducharme? "Oh, for the money, I'm sure."

Now Maine has paid \$250 twice for Ferguson, who has yet to lace his skates on behalf of the Nordiques. And how does Ferguson feel about all this? Fine, thanks, he's quitting. "Frankly," says the Barrie, Ontario man, who plans a new life this fall as a businessman, "I've had enough of pro hockey."

BE KIND TO SHARKS?

For people engaged in such a seemingly idyllic sport, fishermen certainly do find a lot to carp about. A current dispute is over techniques in sport fishing for sharks. Seems there is a school of thought that the shark ought to get a better break.

Because sharks don't exactly have an image as one of nature's nobler citizens, it's hard for most people to summon up much sympathy. But John Hearst Jr., in *Motor Boating & Sailing* magazine,



writes, "People who have been fishing for sharks learn how stupid the animal is." So stupid, Hearst alleges, that the shark seldom even knows he has been hooked. "The dumb thing will follow a chum stick right up to the boat." At which time the shark is gaffed.

Hearst therefore suggests people shouldn't be allowed to chum a shark to such an unsporting death and says that

CONTINUED



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Date: May 11, 1972

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Oat food products	3.2	3.2	3.2	3.2
Barley food products	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2
Wheat:				
Flour	112	110	110	110
Breakfast cereals	2.9	2.9	2.9	2.9
Eye, Flour	3.2	3.2	3.2	3.2
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the rules of the International Game Fish Association should be strengthened to protect the creatures. "The 'sport' in sport fishing," Hearst says, "implies that the fish has as good a chance of getting away as the angler has of catching it."

PILLS AND NEEDLES

The New York State Racing and Wagering Board has just released an "interim" report on the drug problem in horse racing. It weighs $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound. While it will no doubt prove worth its weight in helping the board decide what drugs can be given and still keep the game honest, those of us who admire thoroughbreds and standardbreds enough to put \$2 or more on their noses can be glad that horses cannot read the report or discuss it among themselves.

The report openly admits that New York State and its cities and towns are feeling a financial crunch and look to racing as one way out. The report goes on to say that racing secretaries and trainers, facing up to expanded calendars that bring more revenue, will be hard put to supply "sound race horses to fill all cards unless certain approved therapeutic drugs are permitted." The drugs specifically in mind are Butazolidin, the pain reliever that cost Dancer's Image the 1968 Kentucky Derby, and Lasix, a diuretic that some say lowers blood pressure. In states that are more liberal in the use of Lasix, there is a "dramatic increase" in bleeders. Even in states with controlled use of Butazolidin, there is "an alarming increase" in breakdowns. Furthermore, the report finds the use of either drug can make the presence of other prohibited drugs harder to detect.

If a horse could read he would also find that on the sly by needle or pill he may be getting morphine, amorphine, Numorphon, Lentine, Phendimetrazine, Chlorpheniramine, cocaine, Aminophyllin and Dantrolene Sodium. It might be enough to make him think about taking up another game.

AS A PIGEON FLIES

A few weeks ago we told you of a trial flight of pigeons from the Empire State Building to the new Meadowlands Sports Complex in New Jersey. The idea was to show how close the new facility really is to Manhattan and, indeed, the fastest pigeon made it in less than six minutes.

So the other day, with harness racing scheduled to begin on Sept. 1, promot-

ers called in all the press and all the pigeons for the official time trial. Eight of the 10 birds made the six-mile trip in almost a dead heat—one hour and 40 minutes. Two others were slower. Someone suggested that the wayward birds may have been mugged over Central Park; someone else said that a fun-loving pigeon never should be turned loose alone in New York City.

While the gimmick obviously failed to make its hoped-for point, one of the men who supplied the birds, Ralph Serpi, abtied, "Being that the pigeons are young, they fool around."

THE MIDDLEMAN

Despite hitting the off-season banquet circuit with his fare of greasy chicken and posy potatoes, Minnesota Viking Offensive Guard Ed White reduced his weight from 288 pounds to 253. How?

Says White, "I'd sit there with my celery stalks and glass of water and the waters always looked depressed. I had to tell everyone I was afraid of contracting Dunlap's disease."

"It's a condition," White explains knowingly, "where your belly dome laps over your belt."

LITTLE BROTHER

By means of an experimental camouflaged infrared beaming device no bigger than a brick, the National Park Service and the Forest Service are now counting the visitors using their woody tracts to determine how many rangers are needed in each area. Just how the device distinguishes between a hiking Sierra Clubber, a wandering moose and a falling tree limb is not clear. In this dehumanizing day, when there is less distinction between real people and deadwood than there should be, perhaps it does not matter.

We are, after all, within a decade of 1984, the fateful year, as forecast by George Orwell, when a Big Brother will be watching everyone. If the Park and Forest Services continue on their present path, by 1984 they will probably have a refined device that can tell a man from a moose, and will have added a voice box to shout instructions to those of us who seek peace in the woods. "Dress up the column! Move it, along!" the Voice will shout. "And you there, Second Class Scout Harold Webber, you left your mess kit back at Station Four."

We dare the parksters and foresters to

plant a counter near Walden Pond. Their good intentions notwithstanding, if the ghost of old Henry Thoreau is still around—and we pray God that it is—the evil eye would be smashed to absolute smithereens.

BOY BIKE BACK HOME

Sports reporters are born, not made, although some occasionally are taught how to spell. The Memphis Press-Scimitar recently ran an account of a bicycling incident by 11-year-old Harrel Epps Martin, who can leave future spelling problems to the copy desk to solve as long as he maintains his brisk, sensitive, fact-filled style. Here is Harrel's report:

"On last Thursday night I went to the store. Come back home. Put the Roadrunner on my porch. Went in the house to put down packet. Come back. The Roadrunner was gone. The Roadrunner my five-speed bicycle. I cried and prayed."

"On Sunday I went to see my Grandma. On my way stop to talk with my Cousin Milkey. He ask where the Roadrunner. I said someone stole it. Milkey said my best friend told me he ripoff a bicycle on my street. That night I said let's check to see if mine. We went to the boy house. Yes indeed it was my bike only it was green instead of black. He painted it but I knowed it. Ask for it. He would not give it up."

"That brought my mother in it. She ask to see the bike. He said no. If in your bike why you afraid to show it, my mother said. Show me the peeper on the bike. He said he made the bike out of parts he found."

"My mother said OK I will call police. The boy said no no Miss don't call them. I have a record with the police. I will give you the bike. My mother said no, I don't want my son to have a bike that is not his. The boy pleased to mother don't call police. It is your son bike. Take it please."

"Now the Roadrunner is home again. Thank God."

THEY SAID IT

● Garry Maddox, Phillies centerfielder, when asked to describe his first grand slam homer: "As I remember, the bases were loaded."

● Elvin Bethea, Houston defensive end who is playing out his option at the automatic 10% cut in his \$90,000 salary: "Anybody could live on \$81,000." **END**



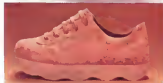
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HE'S FREE AT LAST

Reggie Jackson is in top form, and soon he will be at liberty to cash in on his excellent season **by Ron Fimrite**

Reggie Jackson, having ingested a robust midmorning repast of steak and eggs, was departing the coffee shop of the Leamington Hotel in Minneapolis one day last week when he encountered his Oriole teammate, the waggish Tommy Harper. For reasons of his own, it amuses Harper to inquire into Jackson's well-being. "Buck," he began, employing the sobriquet Jackson inherited from his hero, Willie Mays, "How ya doin'?"

"Me?" Jackson answered solemnly. "I'm strugglin'."

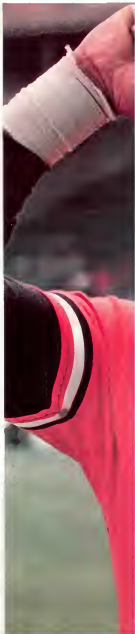
Harper took a deep breath and, with a graceful sweep of his hand, drew the attention of passersby to Jackson. "There he is, friends. A free agent. A TV commentator. Drives fancy cars. Big real-estate operator in Arizona. Got a car dealership in California. Big salary, which is gonna get much, much bigger. Known and loved by everybody. Got all the girls in the world . . . and he is strugglin'."

This declamation was received with guffaws all around, some of the loudest of them emanating from Jackson himself. How ludicrous it was that someone so firmly ensconced in the catbird seat should describe himself as strugglin'. If Jackson is strugglin', so are AT&T, Woodward and Bernstein and the peanut industry in Georgia, because, among other things, he is the most coveted of baseball's newest species, the really free agent. In a few short months Jackson will

enter the marketplace to sell his services to one of as many as 13 teams that will be eager to come up with some very long green.

During spring training Jackson was traded from Oakland to Baltimore. At first, he peevishly refused to report, saying he had no wish to play baseball anywhere but on the West Coast, a region that best accommodates his free-wheeling manner. He would reconsider, he said, only if the Orioles were to tender him a sufficiently lucrative multiyear contract. In time, Baltimore coaxed him out of retirement by raising his \$140,000 salary by a considerable sum. But Jackson did not sign a contract with the Orioles then, and he has not signed one yet. Instead he is in the process of playing out the option year of his old contract with the A's. As a result of last winter's Andy Messersmith free-agent case, which effectively outlawed baseball's reserve system and freed players to shop around when their contracts expire, Jackson will be at liberty after this season to seek employment elsewhere. An agreement reached between the baseball owners and the Major League Players Association earlier this month set up the procedures for the drafting and signing of free agents (see box on page 17). Under those rules, Jackson may choose to move to any one of a dozen teams, or he could decide to stay with the Orioles.

There are currently 30 players in Jackson's category, including six stars from his old team (Joe Rudi, Sal Bando, Bert Campaneris, Gene Tenace, Rolfe Fingers and Don Baylor), and a *continued*





present teammate, the estimable second baseman, Bobby Grich. Of this number, some still may come to terms with their current employers. But those who have the greatest market value—and this certainly includes Jackson—are likely to wait and see how much the competing owners are willing to pay them.

It is a situation unprecedented in baseball. For the best players on the auction block the future looks golden, and no future glitters more than Jackson's. Of all the liberated players, he has the greatest star quality. He is a left-handed batter who hits home runs, and everyone can use some of those. He is also a colorful and engaging personality who has demonstrated this year that he can put people in the stands. He is a big reason why the Orioles have drawn 67,900 more fans this season than last, while the A's have attracted 300,000 fewer. Despite his holdout of nearly a month and his faltering start at the plate, Jackson is having an outstanding season. He ranks among the American League leaders in homers (22) and runs batted in (78), and because he appears to be just now hitting his stride, he could end up leading the league in both departments. He is truly in the midst of a historic salary drive, one that could lead him to a multi-season, seven-figure contract. No one appreciates his enviable status more than Jackson. Reggie may be Tommy Harper's foil, but he's nobody's fool.

"I'll soon be an overpaid athlete," he says. "I'll probably get a million more than I should, but I didn't make the rules. I'm just taking advantage of them."

Jackson's holdout this spring was admittedly a gamble. By starting late, on May 2, he was risking a poor season that would make him much less attractive to bidders this fall. But in virtually every way, the gamble has paid off. Had Charles Finley not traded Jackson, the A's would have invoked the rule that allows them to cut an unsigned player's wages by 20%. The Orioles not only restored the 20%, but they also agreed to pay Jackson more than he was making in Oakland, though neither he nor they will say how much more. He was batting only .242 at the All-Star break, but since then has hit well over .300, with 13 home runs and 39 RBIs. His appealing statistics, his prime age, 30, and his ability to create excitement make him the most attractive of all the liberated chattels. Still, Jackson insists he paid a price for his gamble.

"I lost about 20 days' pay," he says. "I was pressing at the plate, and I didn't really start hitting until June. My teammates were saying things about me that I didn't particularly like. I had an uneasy feeling every time I walked into the clubhouse. I felt like a stranger, as if I was playing on the road all season. The fans in Baltimore were booing me. I hit a grand slam one day, and they booed me my next time at bat. They booed me for striking out against Nolan Ryan. Heck, Ryan strikes everybody out. Look, suppose I had never gotten untracked. Suppose I were hitting about .190 now. That holdout could've cost me a cool million."

Jackson can afford to toss such extravagant figures about, because he is expected to charge a lot more than a cool million for his services. But he has no idea what the going rate will be. (One well-informed agent estimates that rock bottom for Jackson will be a five-year contract worth \$1.5 million.) "Oh, you daydream about these things," says Reggie. "This will be the first time an every-day player has gone on the open market. The only others have been Catfish and Messersmith, and they're both pitchers. I don't think they're fair examples of what will happen."

Anyhow, Jackson insists, money will not be the principal consideration when it comes time to find a new job. What is most important is finding a team and a place that will fit his "life-style." This may sound a bit cynical to those who regard modern ballplayers as venal, but Jackson has filthy lucre well down on his list of preferences. "Suppose that one team offers me \$1.7 million and another team \$2 million," he says, "and that the higher offer comes from a team in Georgia and the lower offer from a team in my own backyard in the San Francisco Bay Area. Me, I'm gonna want to play in my backyard. A couple of hundred thousand dollars isn't gonna make that much difference when you're talking about those figures. You couldn't spend it in a lifetime anyway."

"When I talk about life-style, I mean I want to go to a place with a liberal attitude. I don't like sectarian living—I think that's the word. I don't necessarily mean segregated living. I mean certain people living among themselves: Jews here, Poles there, blacks over there. I'm not interested in playing in any town that has that. I know I'm not crazy about playing in the South, and the Midwest would

be impractical for me because all of my business interests are either on the West Coast or in the East. I've got a lot of friends in California, and that means a great deal to me. There are five teams there to choose from, although I guess you'd have to rule out Oakland because Charles Finley doesn't seem to want me."

"But there are other considerations. I'm not sure I'd fit in with teams like the Mets or the Dodgers that emphasize organization over individual personality. They may not even want someone like me. But I could see myself with a team like the Phillies, because with all their stars—the Schmits, the Luzanskis—there wouldn't be so much pressure on me. And I'd like to be on a contender and a team that draws well. I've never been on a team that drew well, I like living near the ocean. I like getting involved in a community, doing youth work. I've taken so much out of this game that it weighs on my mind. I'd like to give a little back to the town where I play. I want to settle down, raise a family, be part of things."

When the time comes to make a choice, Jackson will huddle with his close friend and business associate, Gary Walker, who also acts as his agent. Walker, a real-estate developer who lives near Phoenix, will not fly, so chances are that the bidders will have to come to him. Jackson wants Walker to get the facts and the "feeling" of the offers. "I trust him to do what's best for me financially, emotionally, psychologically, theologically," Reggie says. "He has a tremendous way of looking inside of me and seeing what's right for me." When Walker makes his recommendation, Jackson will visit the chosen city, if it happens to be one with which he is unfamiliar. The final decision, he says, will be his alone.

In the meantime, he will explore the possibility of signing with the Orioles, although not many people in Baltimore hold out much hope for his staying there. On a stroll through the lobby of the Lexington last Thursday, Harper, the genial tormentor, pointed out to Jackson that there were photographs of all the Oriole stars except Reggie on the wall behind the registration desk. "That's probably because they know I'm just passing through," said Jackson.

Indeed, Baltimore seems an imperfect setting for the vaunted Jackson life-style. He is more subdued there than he was in the Bay Area, possibly because his

mother and sisters also live in the town. To hear him tell it, his evenings are largely spent with his family, dandling nieces and nephews on his knees and eating home-cooked meals. "I was extremely visible in Oakland," Jackson says. "Everybody knew me. I patronized the same stores, service stations, restaurants. People knew where I was every hour." In June a fire caused about \$70,000 in damage to the condominium Jackson owns in Oakland. Among the items lost were World Series mementos and much of Jackson's wardrobe. "It kicked hell out of me mentally for about three weeks," he says, and it underlined the sense of estrangement he feels in Baltimore.

"This is a very conservative town," says Oriole Catcher Dave Duncan, once Jackson's teammate in Oakland. "Anytime you're traded, there's an adjustment you have to make. Baltimore's a particularly tough adjustment, because it just isn't the type of town Reggie's used to."

Still, Jackson has little quarrel with the Oriole management, particularly after having worked for the parsimonious and quarrelsome Finley, a man with whom he was almost perpetually at odds. "The management here will do almost anything for you," he says, almost with surprise. "Now I find it hard to believe the things we had to deal with under Finley. But he's the most strong-willed person I've ever known. Even if he loses everybody—Rudi, Fingers, all of them—he'll probably still land on his feet."

Jackson will assuredly land on his. Aside from an occasional lapse—he lost a fly ball in the lights at Minnesota last Wednesday—he is playing some of the best ball of his career. And though he may be a transient, he is also winning over the Oriole fans and players. "If we'd had him all season," says Manager Earl Weaver, "there's no question we'd be five games closer to first place."

Jackson enjoys such talk. He is equally entertained by the ever-increasing number of conflicting reports about where he is destined to play next season. When he was advised in Minnesota last week that two of the newer rumors had him on his way to the Giants and the Mets, he merely shrugged and, quoting David Harum, said, "All I know is what I read in the papers." Then he smiled confidently. "But I guess you'd have to say I've got a little leverage."

Enough, he might have added, so that his struggling days are behind him. **END**



Reggie Jackson is only one of 30 players who, if they remain unsigned, will be eligible for the unprecedented free-agent draft to be held the first week of November. In preparation, front-office men in both leagues are studying the technicalities of the new system, deploying scouts, shaking their piggy banks and debating whether the draft is the best hope for a failing franchise or a prime example of a system gone mad.

One thing everyone agrees on is that there will be plenty of talent to be had. The potential selections (16 American Leaguers, 10 National Leaguers and four minor-leaguers) include some of the biggest names in baseball. Consider this dream lineup: 1B Dick Allen, 2B Bobby Grich (above), SS Bert Campaneris, 3B Sal Bando, LF Joe Rudi, CF Garry Maddox, RF Jackson, C Gene Tenace and P Wayne Garland—with Rolfe Fingers working in relief.

For any team that can afford it, the addition of only one of these stars would improve its prospects for next season. "We'll go for broke," San Diego Owner Ray Kroc has promised Padre fans. Others are hoping their owners will do the same. "It's the only way to save this team," says Montreal Coach Cozzie Vagel. And San Francisco Infielder Chris Speier is urging Manager Bill Rigney to tell the Giants' front office to buy some badly needed power hitting. Obviously, Jackson would fit in nicely on the Giants—or on any other team. But some clubs may pass him up to concentrate on a special need. Boston, for example, wants a second baseman and reportedly is already eyeing Grich and Philadelphia's Dave Cash.

Less enthusiastic are teams with an abundance of talent or a shortage of money. Well-heeled Cincinnati is talking about plowing its greenbacks into its productive farm system. And Minnesota's tight-fisted Calvin Griffith says any owner who signs a free agent is "a

RUDI AS IN BOOTY, GRICH AS IN RICH

stupid damn fool and scared of his own shadow." Maybe so, but Milwaukee's director of operations, Jim Baumer, argues, "You have to keep up with the other clubs." And Cub Owner Phil Wrigley, who refused to bid for Catfish Hunter and Andy Messersmith, is loosening his purse strings.

"A team which does not get involved can only hurt itself with its fans," says agent Jerry Kapstein, who represents half of the unsigned major-leaguers. "This can be the greatest gate-type in history."

As of now, the draft will work this way: alternating from league to league, teams will select in the inverse order of their 1976 winning percentages. Each franchise is limited to one pick per round. A player may not be chosen after his negotiating rights have been drafted by 12 teams. Following this will be an inflationary free-for-all as the drafting clubs and the player's current team barter for his services.

The number of players a franchise may sign depends on two factors. If there are at least 15 free agents in the initial pool, a team may sign two of them. Or it may sign as many players as it likes in the draft. That means Oakland will probably have the right to sign six and Baltimore as many as five. Further stipulations cover the unlikely chance that there will be undrafted or unsigned players.

Some free agents, like Starter Garland of Baltimore (15-3) and Reliever Bill Campbell of Minnesota (13-3 with 16 saves), could not have picked a better year to appear on the open market. But for others, the timing could not be worse. Pitcher Don Gullett's ailing shoulder, Richie Hebner's 229 average, Allen's temperament and Campaneris' age—34—will adversely affect their negotiating power. Some of them may end up making less as free agents than they would by signing with their current teams right now.

Jackson, Grich, Rudi and Fingers have none of these drawbacks and will probably get the largest contracts—between \$200,000 and \$300,000 a year. "I've been playing for Triple A money since I got here," Fingers says. "After this season, I won't have to play for peanuts."

Nor, for that matter, will very many other players.

—LARRY KLEIN

A REAL PLEASURE ONCE AGAIN

In eclipse since his stunning defeats in the Derby and the Preakness last spring, Honest Pleasure roared back to top form in the venerable Travers at Saratoga. Now he's ready once more to challenge Bold Forbes for 3-year-old honors **by William Leggett**

At five o'clock in the morning last Saturday, Honest Pleasure was led quietly from his stall on the backstretch at Saratoga and around the track to the tree-shaded paddock behind the grandstand where, before each race on the day's program, the horses are saddled in view of the crowd.

Normally, at that hour a light breeze ruffles the leaves of the giant old elms, but on this morning it was dead calm. The few people up and stirring knew that horses and racegoers alike would be in for punishingly hot weather that afternoon when the Travers, the oldest horse race in America, would be run for the 107th time at the country's most ancient racecourse, which holds heat like a tin cup.

Hot weather and sweating go together, and one of Honest Pleasure's problems has been that even in cool weather he gets edgy and fretful before a race and becomes what racing people call "washy"—showing an excess of nervous perspiration. For three months now, ever since the colt's stunning defeats in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, Trainer LeRoy Jolley had had Honest Pleasure walked nearly every morning to the paddocks at Belmont and Saratoga in the hope that he would become familiar with them and sufficiently at ease there so that he would not leave his race in the saddling area.

This was all part of a long, slow process by which Jolley hoped to bring the colt back to the superb form that had made him the best 2-year-old colt in the country last year and that had made him this past spring the strongest Kentucky Derby favorite in more than a quarter of a century. Honest Pleasure had won nine straight races before the Derby, had won more than \$600,000 and had never finished worse than second in his dozen starts. He had led from wire to wire in most of them and had routed his oppo-

sition by such margins as six, seven, eight, 11 and 14 lengths.

But in the Derby he had been upset by Puerto Rican-owned Bold Forbes, who had outsprinted him from the gate to take the lead, had maintained a blistering pace and had held on to win by a length. Some observers, possibly including Jolley, blamed Jockey Beaulieu Baeza, who 10 days earlier in the Blue Grass Stakes had all but strangled the colt in his effort to control the animal's raging speed.

In any case, two weeks later, in the Preakness, Bold Forbes outsprinted Honest Pleasure again in another speed duel. Burned out, the Puerto Rican hero eventually ended up third in that race, but Honest Pleasure faded to a grinding, disheartening fifth. He didn't even run in the Belmont, which Bold Forbes won, and when he finally returned to the track in midsummer he lost both the races he entered, showing little of his old fire. Baeza rode him in the first of these efforts; then Jolley, obviously discontented with Baeza and squabbling with his agent, Lenny Goodman, gave the riding assignment to a lesser-known jockey named Craig Perret.

From a sure bet before the Derby to be 3-year-old of the year, Honest Pleasure had fallen behind both Bold Forbes and Majestic Light. The latter is a late-blooming son of the 1969 Kentucky Derby winner Majestic Prince and had won three important stakes races this summer, including the Monmouth Invitational, in which Honest Pleasure had finished third. Bold Forbes, nursing an injured right hind hoof, was at Saratoga but would not be in the Travers (and probably would not run again until October, at the earliest), but Majestic Light

was entered, and so was McKenzie Bridge, a solid horse who had finished a strong second in the Belmont. The Midsummer Derby, as Saratogans sometimes like to call the Travers, was shaping into a first-class battle royal.

Despite the stifling heat, 31,255 people, the third largest crowd in Saratoga's century-plus of racing, jammed the lovely old track in upstate New York. They made Majestic Light the even-money favorite and sent off Honest Pleasure, who moved about the paddock calmly before the race and seemed much the handsom-



PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEPPER

New rider Craig Perret, replacing Beaulieu Baeza, got Honest Pleasure off fast and then let him run

est horse in the field, as the second choice. It was the first time in 10 races that he had not been the favorite, and his 2-to-1 odds were the longest he had gone off at since last autumn.

As though stung by this humiliation, Honest Pleasure came out of the starting gate in a rush, the way he likes to. He quickly took the lead and halfway round the clubhouse turn was two lengths ahead of the field. He was running fast but at his own pace, unchallenged and unforced by the threatening presence of a Bold Forbes. Perret let him go, and down the backstretch of the mile-and-a-quarter race he opened a six-length lead. Majestic Light and McKenzie Bridge, who was third favorite at 9 to 2, were far back, and with Honest Pleasure running so smoothly and strongly it looked as though he might go off and steal the race.

But as the field came around the far



turn and into the stretch, the leader's margin shrank rapidly to two lengths, with the sixth-place Majestic Light only 5½ lengths back and in position on the outside to make his run. Now Honest Pleasure was being challenged, and the uneasy feeling rose that he would quit again, as he had in the late stages of the Preakness.

Dusted Jockey Baeza found another model and brought outsider Romeo in second. Meanwhile, the injured Bold Forbes marked time in his barn.



They straightened out in the stretch for the run to the wire, and Perret whacked Honest Pleasure with his whip. The colt responded. He opened his lead over long-shot Romeo, ridden by Baeza, to three lengths and then, at the finish, to four. It was Majestic Light who faded this time, finishing seventh in the eight-horse field, just behind McKenzie Bridge. And no wonder. Honest Pleasure's time for the Travers was a blistering 2:00½, not only a new stakes record but also by four lengths the fastest mile and a quarter ever run at Saratoga.

Bold Forbes was still in his barn, still the 3-year-old horse of the year, pending further developments (which could turn out to be syndication and an early departure from competition to stud duties). But Honest Pleasure was back—his earnings up to \$734,439—and the possibility existed, slim though it might be at the moment, for another mano a mano showdown between the two in the fall. That would determine, once and for all, which is the better colt.

"I haven't really made up my mind which way to go with him," said Jolley Saturday evening. "I could put him on the grass and aim him for the United Nations and the Man o' War and maybe the Canadian International. Or I could send him into the fall races against older horses, like the Woodward, the Marlboro Cup and the Jockey Club Gold Cup.

"We'll see."

END





NEW BALL OF FIRE IN A FIREBALL

When the spinnakers came down a 20-year-old Long Islander held the world title in a class other countries used to own

One thing on the minds of most of the 37 skippers from 16 countries getting ready for this month's Fireball world championship was how the reigning champion would do this time around. Joan Ellis of Westport, Conn., had astonished—and chagrined—her male rivals at La Rochelle, France last year by becoming not only the first American ever to win the Fireball title but also the only woman ever to win a world championship in a one-design class. As things worked out at St. Margaret's Bay in Nova Scotia, Ellis did not repeat, finishing fourth, but the U.S. did produce another surprise winner, a 20-year-old Yale junior named Steve Benjamin from Oyster Bay, N.Y. Having failed to make the U.S. Olympic team in the 470 class, Benjamin re-



At the end of the series, winner Benjamin (above) untaps the stop watch he used to make sure he got to the starting line late. Below, defending champion Joan Ellis and husband Art scramble, having capsized at the finish of the last race and drifted back on the mark.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE SUX

solved to go after the Fireball title in earnest. Starting in June, he and his crew, 18-year-old Tucker Edmundson of Duxen, Conn., spent all day every day on the water. Benjamin applied fine tuning techniques he had learned in the 470s and when they had their practice boat as taut as they wanted it, they bought a new, stripped-down boat for the championship and tuned that one as tight as a banjo, too.

Benjamin quickly made his presence in Nova Scotia felt by winning the first race, but was disqualified in the second for starting early and thereafter had to sail gingerly, shunning scrambles and crossing the line as much as 10 seconds late "just to be sure." It made no difference. He cinched matters by finishing first in four of the final five races. **END**



IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE FINAL



Tampa Bay and New York, the NASL's two best teams, were obliged to meet in the playoff quarterfinals—and the Rowdies clobbered the Cosmos **by J. D. Reed**

Warner Communications, Inc. owns Bugs Bunny. They also own Pelé and the New York Cosmos soccer club, and last Friday night in Tampa they learned that the Elmer Fudds of the world can come out on top. The Cosmos and their mercurial superstars, Pelé and George Chinaglia, lost to the Tampa Bay Rowdies—who have no flashy performers to match—3-1 in the North American Soccer League's quarterfinal playoff round.

Warner Communications also learned 1) It is risky business to try buying a championship by spending more than \$4 million for Pelé and another half million for Chinaglia if the rest of the team cannot support them in the fashion to which they are accustomed; 2) It is unsound to have the NASL's two best teams—the Cosmos and the Rowdies, who were last year's champions—meet as early as the quarterfinals because someone misread divisional balance; 3) It is also nice to have a team song, as the Rowdies do, and even a trademarked motto with as much zing as Tampa Bay's: "Soccer is a kick in the grass."

The game to decide the winner in the league's strong Eastern Division shaped up as a confrontation of styles both on and off the field. The Rowdies are a drilled, balanced team, proponents of the English system of long touch-line kicks and quick action at the goal area. The Rowdies have no Pelé, no George Best (Los Angeles), not even a Kyle Rote Jr. (Dallas) to give them national prominence, and yet the defending champions, an expansion club last year, had quietly put together the best record of any of the NASL's 20 clubs, finishing the season with 18 wins, six losses.

The Cosmos, even though they wound up second to Tampa Bay in the division, had a better record (16-8) than any of the league's remaining 18 teams, mainly because of the Black Pearl, Pelé, and his newly acquired teammate, super-striker George Chinaglia, who had to be smuggled out of Italy after the season started for fear of widespread rioting when it was learned that he had signed with New York. The Cosmos' game is structured around these two and their brilliant one-to-one play in front of the opponent's

goal. "Our game is like music," says Pelé's former teammate on Santos of Brazil, Midfielder Ramon Muffin. "It is short passes, always moving, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock-tock, goal."

In two previous meetings this season, each style had proved effective. In Tampa last June the Rowdies beat the Cosmos 5-1 in a nationally televised game in which their strong sweepers and defencesmen shut out Pelé. A month later, with Chinaglia now aboard, Pelé & Co. won 5-4 in New York.

And so Friday's game was the decider, a contest of team play by a solid, well-seasoned club against the more spectacular, and nearly as efficient, star system. The differences in styles could have been perceived the night before in Bern's Steak House, a Tampa Bay restaurant where the decor runs to red velvet and white iron filigree, and one orders filet mignon ounce by expensive ounce. In one of the main dining rooms sat Tommy Smith, the captain of the Rowdies, and his teammate, Midfielder Lenny Glover. No one rushed up to them for autographs, no flashbulbs popped.

In a back room, meanwhile, shielded from view of other diners, Pelé, his bodyguard and a few Cosmos officials dined on lobster, protected from interruptions



Rodney Marsh dives downfield on his way to scoring the insurance goal in the 3-1 game.

by a thick, carved wooden screen; they had come in quietly and wanted it to stay that way.

Through a series of running jokes that seemed to involve monkeys, bricks, cigars and Irishmen, Smith and Glover talked about the problems of not being superstars in America. Said the battle-scarred Smith, a 14-year veteran of England's first division Liverpool club, "At home I had to have my phone number changed every six months, but not here. And I could never go out shopping with my wife. Even if I went out for a drive in Liverpool there could be traffic jams."

"That's because of the size of your nose," cracked Glover. "All them drivers saw that big buzzer and laughed so 'ard they crashed." The accents at the table were deep, making conversation with the two like talking to any given half of the Beatles.

"Of course Pelé's been great for the game in America," Smith went on, covering the offending proboscis with his hand, "and he's still one of the greatest soccer players in the world. I don't think anyone's jealous of him because he got so much money." When the playoffs are over, both Smith and Glover will return to England and earn the main part of their living by playing the regular 42-

game English season over the winter. The two-season year is not uncommon among NASL players, whose U.S. contracts fall considerably short of Pelé's.

Informed that the Black Pearl himself was in the restaurant, Smith and Glover went to seek an audience with the Presence behind the wooden screen. After handshakes and "long time no sees" all around, Tommy Smith patted Pelé on the back and said, "Enjoy your meal," managing to leave behind the implication: "It may be your last."

And indeed, because of Tommy Smith, one of those "does-a-good-job, real team players," Pelé was indeed enjoying his last pregame dinner of the playoffs.

The next night, 10 minutes into the second half, Smith ran over to tackle Pelé, teammate Alex Pringle ran up behind Pelé for the same purpose and Pelé ended up on the ground. It was hard to tell from the stands if Pringle had hit Pelé in the back for a foul, or if Smith had tripped him in front for another foul—or whether Pelé had, as Smith would say later, "done the usual South American thing. If they think they can draw a foul, they take a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

bloody great dive. I never touched 'im."

With Pelé on the turf, the Cosmos' midfielders and defenders slowed down, quite obviously expecting the referee to stop play with a whistle for the foul. But the referee did no such thing, and the Rowdies swept the ball downfield. Defender Alex Pringle lobbed a long pass to Forward Stewart Scullion, who went in alone for a hard shot past Cosmos Goalie Shep Messing.

The goal put the Rowdies in front 2-1, and Tommy Smith watched it standing over Pelé, and Pelé watched it lying on the soft Bermuda grass of Tampa Stadium. With the goal went the Cosmos' playoff hopes.

The game had begun with Super Bowl-sized hoopla. A phalanx of cheerleaders called "Wowdies" released balloons on the field, and the playing of the theme song (*The Rowdies run here, the Rowdies run there, they kick the ball* cowbird)



Pelé had a rough evening, especially in the second half.

around, set the 36,863 "fannies"—which is what fans are called in promotion-crazed Tampa—screaming wildly. But they had class: a special standing ovation was reserved for Pelé, the king of the league home or away.

Tampa Bay controlled almost the whole game. Their sweepers and midfielders, led by Smith, negated the threat of Pelé and Chinaglia and found holes through the Cosmos midfielders. The Cosmos were operating, too. At the end

ney Marsh and the league's leading goal scorer, Derek Smethurst.

Smethurst, a graduate of several lower-order English teams who has blossomed in his two years at Tampa, scored first at 39-57, trapping a hard shot by Marsh on his foot and firing it into the goal.

Near the end of the first half Pelé drove in a classic header to tie the score. After a severe halftime lecture by Coach Eddie Firmani on the dangers of playing Pelé too respectfully, the Rowdies came back on the field fired up. There followed the fateful meeting of Pelé and Smith and Pringle at midfield, and after that, all that remained was for Marsh, unassisted, to curve in goal No. 3, the icer. "Worldwide is a different matter, but we're the champs here," said Firmani afterward. "We proved it by beating Pelé and the Cosmos."

"We could have the first dynasty in American soccer," he went on, extending his vision somewhat. "I'd rather have the good, steady players I've got; I don't want to have to deal with a Pelé or a Chinaglia—but I wouldn't mind at all having the money they spend on just one player. Just one."

Whether Firmani and his Rowdies have, in fact, begun a dynasty cannot be known until the Soccer Bowl has been played this week—and to reach that, Tampa Bay first would have to get through the semifinals on Tuesday. Nevertheless, the game against the Cosmos had a significance that almost transcended the playoffs. "It's a pity these teams have to meet in the quarterfinals," said Cosmos Coach Gordon Bradley before the contest. "The game would have made a fitting final one." Everybody agreed, and Cosmos General Manager Clive Toye had a sort of explanation of how the unfortunate early matchup had come to be. "Each team had a vote at a league meeting," he said, "and I thought, 'Can Tampa be as good this time as they were last year?' Now, so I voted them into the Eastern Division."

The immediate problem for the Rowdies was the Toronto Metros, who upset the Chicago Sting in the Atlantic Conference's Northern Division playoff, 3-2 last Friday. It was a rough night featuring five major penalties and two scoreless sudden-death overtime periods. The overtimes made it a goalies' game, and the Sting's regular netminder, Mervyn Cawston, had to leave the field after the

regulation 90 minutes because of a bruised knee. He was replaced by Brad Steurer, who made a classic statement attesting to the mixed emotions of fear and excitement he felt at finding himself in the tensest of situations. "I was floating," he said. "I felt light as a butterfly, but I almost threw up."

Toronto's goalie, Zeljko Bilecki, finally won the game by making the most saves in the penalty-kick procedure for breaking the tie after two overtimes. Toronto was already awed by the prospect of going up against the Tampa Bay men. Said the Metros' player-coach, Marjan Bilic, "Tampa is a far superior team. Their large crowd will make a big difference, too. We only have a few people at our home games."

In the Pacific Conference playoffs San Jose Earthquake striker Ilija Mitic claimed revenge against Dallas, which let him go last season, by scoring both Earthquake goals in a 2-0 defeat of the Tornados in the Southern Division quarterfinals. At one point in the season San Jose had been 31 points behind Dallas, but winning nine of 11 games put the Quakes into the lead, although at the end of the regular season only six points separated the teams. Near the close of last Friday's game, San Jose was down to 10 players after Paul Child made such a violent tackle on a Dallas player that he was ejected from the game.

San Jose's opponent in the semifinals is the Minnesota Kicks, a relocated team that dominated the Western Division most of the year and advanced by beating the Seattle Sounders 3-0. Minnesota won without the services of its leading goal scorer, Alan Willey, who was sidelined with tonsillitis.

So as Eddie Firmani dreamed on about his Rowdies' soccer dynasty two games down the line—Toronto and then either San Jose or Minnesota in the Soccer Bowl Saturday in Seattle's Kingdome—the Cosmos poked up for home. Said Messing, "I've been in the league for a long time and I can remember when we used to play for a six-pack. Now it's different. You lose a game, and those Warner Communications vice-presidents are down there in the locker room, looking you over."

On the plane back to New York, Pelé slept soundly, as a group of youngsters watched him. Even asleep and defeated, a legend is a legend.



Chinaglia took a lot of shots, but none went in.

they led the Rowdies 27-24 in shots on goal, and Arnold Mausser, the Tampa Bay goalkeeper, had stopped so many hard, well-placed shots by Chinaglia that the ex-Italian star applauded him at one point, shaking his head in disbelief.

The Rowdies gained their clear edge through the play of their forwards, called "Murderers' Row"—Clyde Best, who is a square-framed Bermudian, and three Englishmen: Seullion, flamboyant Rod-

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(DIAGONAL)

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The result was the ColorTrak system, a unique combination of many of the newest and most advanced developments in the electronics world.

The idea behind ColorTrak's design is to provide you with the consistently high-quality color picture you want in almost all viewing conditions.

Even before you see the picture, the ColorTrak system grabs the color signal, aligns it, defines it, sharpens it, tones it, and locks the color on track.

ColorTrak doesn't just give you a brilliant, lifelike color picture, it actually senses changes in viewing conditions and automatically adjusts to compensate. It adjusts for variations in broadcast signals. And for changes in viewing light.

Even more, the ColorTrak system provides our deepest blacks ever, for greater contrast and detail. It reduces reflection, for a truly vivid picture. It lets you make individual-viewer-preference adjustments in one easy step. It helps correct varying flesh tones without affecting other colors. And it puts all these features together in the most reliable set

RCA has ever made.

It's remarkable. And here's how it all works.

Automatic Color Control works to keep colors consistent from program to program, channel to channel.

The color signals being broadcast by different channels are not always the same. And the color signals you receive from each channel are not always consistent. So, you can get

color variations when the program changes, when a commercial comes on, and when you switch channels.

But ColorTrak's Automatic Color Control con-

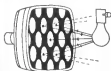
stantly monitors the color and actually adjusts it for you, automatically, when changes occur. So you get a consistent, quality picture.

A light sensor adjusts for changes in room light to keep your picture beautiful day or night.

In a well-lit room, ColorTrak's picture automatically brightens to keep the colors rich and vivid. In lower room light the picture brightness is automatically reduced to make viewing easier on your eyes. With ColorTrak's light sensor, you get a rich, detailed picture day or night.

A tinted-phosphor picture tube gives less reflection and a rich, vivid picture.

Room light reflecting from the surface of the picture tube has always



Tinted phosphors absorb more light, give a vivid picture even in bright light.

been a problem, particularly in bright light, where it can make the color appear to "wash out." A light-absorbing black-matrix picture tube helps combat this problem on all our sets.

But ColorTrak takes our black-matrix picture tube a step further by using specially tinted phosphors on the tube surface. The tinted phosphors absorb even more room light, so you get colors that appear more vivid and lifelike.

Automatically synchronized controls let you make three adjustments with one knob.

Different viewers prefer different levels of contrast in a color picture

(contrast refers to the picture's light-to-dark ratio). With most sets, when you adjust contrast, you may also have to adjust brightness and color to maintain the picture balance.

But ColorTrak has Automatic Contrast/Color Tracking that lets you adjust contrast, color, and brightness in one simple step. Adjust the contrast to your preference, and both color level and brightness are



One adjustment takes care of contrast, color and brightness



Automatic features do the adjusting, you do the enjoying.

Light sensor automatically adjusts picture for bright or dim viewing light.



color TV ever made?

compensated automatically. The picture stays beautifully balanced, just the way you like it.

Constant-voltage circuitry protects vital chassis components.

The voltage in your home electrical lines is not perfectly steady. Changes in the power load, as when an air conditioner or refrigerator starts up, can cause the voltage to drop suddenly. ColorTrak's Constant Voltage Circuitry reacts to these changes and adjusts to keep the set voltage steady. This helps extend the life of expensive chassis parts.

A Dynamic Flesh-tone Correction System produces rich, natural flesh-tones right next to brilliant greens and blues.

Correcting varying flesh-tones without affecting other colors has been a problem in color television technology. ColorTrak's Dynamic Flesh-tone Correction System handles this problem, bringing varying flesh-tones into the natural range while minimizing the effect on other colors. So you see natural flesh-tones and



The Bordeaux. Beautiful Country French style in genuine pecan veneer and oak solids with simulated wood trim. The top, a laminated composition in a handsome diamond pattern.

And because we want you to enjoy that beautiful ColorTrak picture for years to come, we test throughout production. We sample-test all our materials before they become parts. We sample-test all our parts before they become subsystems. We sample-test all our subsystems before they become ColorTrak. And we test all our ColorTraks before they become yours.

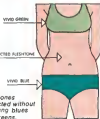
We've made ColorTrak the set most tested for reliability that RCA has ever produced.

The ColorTrak system is not inexpensive. But when you consider the years of pleasure it will provide, we think you'll agree it is well worth the price.

Don't purchase any other set until you see ColorTrak. And judge it for yourself.

RCA ColorTrak

RCA is making television better and better.



natural background colors side by side.

The highest quality, most reliable set RCA has ever produced.

The ColorTrak system is a finely balanced system of features that work together to give you the kind of picture performance you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

Alessandro Casse, the 1973 record holder, was crying at 13,000 feet up on the mountainside. He dabbed at the tears with a nylon-gloved fist and mumbled, "I can't do it." Fellow Italian Riccardo Fiume tried to comfort him. "It takes plenty of guts to admit you're afraid." By his own definition of courage, Fiume also was a brave man; he, too, had decided to forfeit. "I can't explain it, but today I'm frightened," he said. "If you're scared, it's no use — there are simpler ways of committing suicide."

The world's fastest ski run, the *Kilometro Lanciato*, or Flying Kilometer, can strike terror into the hearts of champions. Outlined by rows of blue, red and green marker flags, the run dips gently

over three bridged crevasses, cuts straight through a white lunar landscape with the soaring bulk of the Matterhorn as a backdrop, and then disappears over a lip of the Plateau Rosa Glacier that marks the frontier between Cervinia in Italy and Zermatt in Switzerland. But the gentleness is deceptive, for over the ridge and out of sight lies the speed trap, a nightmarish 67% grade that can make strong men break out in a cold sweat.

The last 100 meters of the track is enclosed by four banks of photoelectric timing cells that shine brightly even in the

dazzling summer sunlight. This is where Tom Simons of Aspen, his body encased in a second skin of plastic, shoulder-length blond hair tucked under a futuristic slug-shaped helmet, reached the crazy speed of 194.498 kph a few weeks ago and became the world's fastest man on skis. That is 120.59 mph, a respectable average for a Formula 1 car around a Grand Prix circuit.

"I desire to live," said Simons, a ski instructor who also designs revolutionary sailplanes and hang gliders. "But without my philosophy of thinking that it is

But plenty of fear if skiers let speeds of 120-plus mph get to them as they attack the Flying Kilometer and a new awareness in the Alps

by CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS

NO SOUND, NO VISION, NO VIBRATION





Rocketing into the speed trap at Cervinia, Italy, Paul Buchmann finished fifth. Fellow Californians Steve McKinney and mentor Tom Simons led steel nerves behind hip appearance

not so bad to die. I could not do what I do." He had spent much of the night before his record run relaxing over a long dinner with a U.S. camera crew; his 22nd birthday was only hours away.

Every summer the Kilometro Lanciato, or KL, as the initiates know it, brings some 50 racers from three continents to Plateau Rosa in an attempt to ski faster than anyone before. It amounts to the world speed skiing championship, which in turn means the record for unpowered land speed.

With their long California hair, baggy dungarees, and with beards and mustaches sprouting from youthful faces, last month's American contingent, eight strong, stood out from the more conventional-looking Austrians, Italians, Swiss and Japanese. "Long hair is inconvenient," said Simons, "but we want to let the Europeans know things are changing." Craig Colonica's planted pigtail drew stares when the 23-year-old from Lake Tahoe, Calif. strode through the streets of Cervinia in his version of denim harem pants. But perhaps more shocking to native eyes was the sight of 6' 7" Doug Gedney of Olympic Valley, Calif.

washing down a ketchup-coated dinner at the best restaurant in town with alternate gulps of milk and Pepsi.

Who are these strange people? KL officials say they include ski instructors, carpenters, soldiers, architects and motor mechanics. There are fewer lunatic speed freaks than one would expect, some steely nerved ski testers from the major companies and a lot of kids barely out of their teens drawn by a special form of curiosity: How fast can I go? The common denominator is the quest for maximum velocity.

Simons spent four years on the U.S. Ski Team talent squad and the B Team. Steve McKinney, his closest friend and rival, was considered a promising downhill in 1972 before injuring his back in a climbing fall. But the names on the KL starting list are not ones you're likely to recognize. The risk is too great, the rewards too slim, to bring the big stars to Plateau Rosa. Most of the KL competition failed to get into the Alpine or professional big league.

Their stories are virtually the same. They started racing too late, at 17 or 18, to have any hope of making the national squads or, like Simons and McKinney, they couldn't accept the discipline. "I never saw why I should cut my hair like a marine to race for the U.S.," says Simons.

Grouching with the effort in the rarefied air, the racers pole themselves into a skater's start from the blue starting disk pointed on the snow high up on the glacier. Their thighs and buttocks bulge as big as carthorses' under the plastic as they drop into a fetal crouch, hands joined in front of tinted visors. When they pass, their skis make a sound like distant jets in an empty sky. Seen from below, they're a mere speck on the immensity of the mountain.

Some kill themselves, like Walter Musner of Italy, who flipped head over heels eight times before impaling himself on a marker in 1964, or like Switzerland's Jean Marc Béguelin, who snapped his spinal cord when he somersaulted 200 yards off the course two years ago. Some suffer multiple fractures and other serious injuries. And a few, like Simons, set a new record, nearly every year bringing the ultimate speed closer to the barrier of 200 kph (124 mph), which is terminal velocity.

continued



Stabilizer suits were quickly banned by the FIS.

At normal air pressure, terminal velocity is the maximum speed reached by someone falling off a tall building. But few, if any of those who leap off skyscrapers are trying to set a record. No one really knows how fast a man can go, properly trained and equipped, and yet in a perfect aerodynamic stance. In a sense, that's what the KL is there to find out. "Peregrine falcons have been clocked at 175 mph," McKinney says dreamily, "and that's what you're like, a falcon, cutting through the air."

But with their shiny airtight suits and elongated helmets, the racers resemble nothing so much as stylish astronauts. The helmets, wedge-shaped at the front for maximum air penetration, taper off between the shoulder blades to protect the vulnerable spinal cord, like the headrest on a car seat. For some years now, the KL race jury has limited the length of the helmets because at 200 kph the wind is strong enough to pull outsized headgear right around, breaking the neck of the man inside.

McKinney, 23, from Steamboat, Nev.,

was the record setter in 1974 (189.473 kph), then ran second the next two years. With his Nazarene hairstyle, blond beard and mustache, and what the race doctor Zilfili Lanzini, calls his "terrifying physique," he looks like he narrowly missed playing the lead in *Jesus Christ Superstar*. This great-grandson of a governor of Maryland, heir to a now-washed steel fortune, says, "I got into this to train my mind to live in the moment, to let my mind remain on an even keel and not let fear take over." He is an associate of Simons in the sailplane and hang glider business, although his star quality means he may now be able to live on KL spoils and endorsements. Still, Simons is the best bet to make 200 kph because he is stronger than his fellow racers and can hold the murderous crouch position longer than anyone.

"You're at the top and the glacier is dropping away on all sides," McKinney says. "There's a small track, with flags defining the course, and it drops over the edge of the mountain so you can't see the bottom. At first there is no air resistance. You pick up speed fast and before long everything is vibrating very quickly. You pre-jump the first crevasse, negotiate a slight line to the second crevasse and after the third you bring your knees up toward your chest. You get into your position and all of a sudden you're in the air. There is no sound, no vision, no vibration. You're in space. You can no longer think because everything is moving too fast. When the compression comes and the Gs are on you, your knees hang into your thorax and you feel you're getting sucked into the earth. You might feel fear before the run and sometimes afterward, but not during the race; there's not enough time."

Electrocardiograms show that though the racers' heartbeats can reach a level of 230/240 just before a descent, the rate drops to a more normal 160 during the run. "If you're frightened, you'll fall," says Dr. Lanzini.

Early on a Monday morning the KL trials begin with the racers waiting individually down the slope just 300 meters above two twin sets of photocells that register their entry into the timed section. Precisely 100 meters later, the second bank of cells times them out, and a computer calculates the average speed over the section to thousandths of a kph. The results are broadcast over a loud-speaker system, though few listen. There

are only a handful of onlookers because the sight of one man plummeting down a mountainside doesn't rate with the locals as a spectator sport.

Simons took 1.851 seconds to cover the 100 meters on his record run. His winning margin over the 1975 mark, set by Cervina's Pino (D'Agnanti) Meynet, was 1/1000 second over a full kilometer. If the two men had been skiing the course side by side, Simons would have reached the finish 5.4 centimeters ahead of the Italian. Few other contests are decided inside such limits.

Almost as hard as skiing 121 mph is stopping afterward. Below the second bank of cells the glacier curves upward again for another 300 meters, and when the skiers' momentum is suddenly inverted on the upward swing, they experience a downward gravitational pull equivalent to a force of three Gs. This has the effect of tripling their body weights and throwing them back on their skis. Only immense leg strength keeps them from falling. The race jury ruthlessly weeds out anyone who looks unsteady. Also eliminated are those failing to come within 5%, and later 3%, of the day's best time. On successive days, the start moves progressively higher up the glacier to a dizzy maximum of about 900 meters.

KL racers use intricately grooved long skis, 2.40 meters in length and terminating in a sawed-off lip to minimize air resistance. They are useless for anything except going straight down. Ski poles are twisted to lock in behind the body and some are sand filled to prevent them from flying out of control. The suits are shiny stretch plastic of the kind hanned in international downhill competitions where no one goes more than 130 kph. But the KL race jury believes that at more than 180 kph it is preferable to slide in a fall rather than tumble and bounce. Normally, there are no obstacles in the way and, unless the snow is very soft, a man can escape serious injury by skimming 200 yards to a stop. There is one drawback: the friction, which makes the plastic heat up on contact with the snow, causes severe burns, but that's better than broken limbs.

The critical element is the quality of the aerodynamic crouch the racers adopt to slice through the air. Simons and McKinney assume a position quite different from anyone else's, with their heads down and their buttocks well up. Ideally, the back should be straight and al-

most parallel to the slope. This advantage of the high-tail position is that it creates the sort of stability obtained from the fastback on a car. But to hold it for more than a few hundred meters requires immense strength. Simons also believes his position creates an airstream that pushes him forward. The drawback is obvious. With the body weight well forward, anything going wrong means falling headfirst. "Simons' position is the most aerodynamic," says Engineer Johann Strotz, head of the Austrian Fischer ski team at Cervinia. "But it is also the most dangerous."

Once in the speed trap, the only way to slow down is to raise the head and shoulders slightly—any sudden radical movement could be disastrous—so that air resistance acts as a brake. But the racers are still traveling at 160 kph when they get to the bottom. They stop by first cautiously rising out of their crouch, then by extending their arms, as though being nailed to a cross, to create more resistance. By the time they've reached the top of the deceleration run they're still going 120 kph, but a couple of wide turns bring them to a dead halt in a flurry of snow.

For Simons and McKinney the key to supreme success in the Flying Kilometer lies not in overcoming terror but in transcending it through a philosophy that accepts no physical or natural limits. Simons, whose father teaches education in Aspen, and McKinney talk a mixture of Zen, yoga, aerodynamics and ballistics. It may sound far out, but somehow it makes sense on the mountain, almost halfway up to the stratosphere. And no one can ski faster than they can. In 1975, both found that they were taking off at 180 kph and riding an air cushion an inch off the ground, like Hovercraft. Films show the snow spray behind them abruptly vanishing.

McKinney immediately accepted this as a positive development. "In the air everything is smooth and the element is constant," he says. "At 125 mph on the ground you have much more chance of catching an edge, hitting a bump." He began to wonder whether his should be designed to take off sooner—a concept totally alien to traditional engineering, which holds that contact with the ground should be maintained as long as possible. But the glacier, which moves as much as 20 millimeters a day, had changed shape by this year. The ride was bump-

ier and there was no flying, no chance to test his ideas.

"Many people do well through will and desire," Simons said a couple of days before his record run. "But most can visualize only up to a certain point, which prevents them from going beyond. I wish to fly, to transcend physical limits. It may sound far out and hip, but I know that the only worthwhile thing is the growth of consciousness, and that the greatest growth is letting what happens happen because that is the way it is."

His hair comes cascading from under a brown cloche hat and his eyes crinkle into a hazy smile. He prefers to drink dark beer and he smokes other people's cigarettes. Champagne celebrations began as soon as the loudspeakers announced his record run, and by the time he walked into Cervinia's Eurotel to collect his prize it made little difference what the drinks were. "We got as stoned as rabbits," he announced happily.

The Fischer Company, which makes downhill Franz Klammer's skis, was impressed enough with the two Americans' style to offer them a \$2,000 starter's fee and a \$10,000 winner's bonus. Adding in other emoluments, Simons may have made up to \$20,000 in those 18 seconds, which is \$20,000 more than McKinney made in 1974. For Fischer, of course, the KL is not so much an opportunity to expand consciousness as a means of testing new materials on willing guinea pigs at speeds never dreamed of in normal downhill.

The relevance of the KL has been pre-occupying the International Ski Federation, which is considering giving the race official recognition. According to Willy Schaedler, the official FIS delegate at Cervinia, the main justification for the event is in the advances it has brought in skiing safety at high speed. The ski-stopper, a spring-loaded device that does away with dangerous straps, was first tested on the KL slopes. Similarly, the KL race jury was the first to recognize the need for strapless ski poles. Helmets, suits and boots also are placed on the world's most demanding test bench at Cervinia. One could say that the relationship between the KL and Alpine skiing is the same as that between Grand Prix racing and highway motoring—except that even Grand Prix cars have to go around corners, whereas the only way on the KL is straight down.

Speed skiing seems to have started in

1931 when Leo Gasperl, an Austrian from Arlberg, bet himself that he could ski faster than 100 kph. He was pleasantly surprised to find that he had 136.6 kph down Mount Corviglia. It was another eight years before anyone tried to break his record, and the result was disaster. Sepp Moraher's attempt ended in his death on a hill near Salzburg.

After World War II Italian Olympic downhill champion Zeno Colò and his archrival, Rolando Zanna, took to racing each other on the Plateau Rosa. Colò, wearing a woolen sweater, helmetless, and strapped into his skis, improved the record to 159.242 kph in 1947.

It wasn't until 1959 that the 160-kph barrier was smashed and the KL became an annual event dominated by a Cervinia customs inspector, Luigi di Marco. In 1963 two American daredevils, C. B. Vaughan and Dick Dorworth, set a record of 171.428 kph at Portillo, Chile. At this stage the Cervinia race still had a homemade, do-or-die quality about it, but in 1970, when the Japanese came to Cervinia, the KL was set on its present technological footing. After a two-year study of the terrain, during which 20 pairs of skis were broken in various falls, the Japanese computers came up with the right formula and Morishita Masaru from Hokkaido set a record of 183.393 kph on a pair of Kazamas.

The Europeans countered with an all-out effort, but it was pure chance that the then unknown McKinney, a passing California hippie, got the right pair of skis for his record-breaking 1974 run. He borrowed them from Alessandro Casse after the Italian champion retired, too shaken by Beguetin's death to go on.

Now the KL is like a trade fair. The racers' helmets are festooned with brand names. Energizing-drink firms, bindings, ski and sportswear manufacturers, motorcar and airline companies are all in on the action.

But it still takes a very special kind of man. Paul Buschmann, a 20-year-old carpenter from Burbank, Calif., fell in the compression in the final stages of this year's competition. He seemed to somersault forever before bumping to a stop. At the second attempt he managed to get up. He steered a shaky course to the ski lift. "It was good it happened because it showed me you can fall and not hurt yourself," he said before riding up for another descent. "I'll do better next time." He finished fifth. END

Golden Triumphs, Tarnished Dreams

Early Wynn won 300 games, Roberto Clemente had 3,000 hits, but their legacies have not matched their glorious records

by Roger Kahn

MAN FROM THE HALL OF SHAME

On Jan. 19, 1972, Early Wynn, the pitcher, was voted into the Baseball Hall of Fame. Such tidings generally lead to a phone call from a wire-service reporter, who asks the player for a comment, and if you follow that sort of thing, you know what happens next. In a wash of sentiment, the player thanks mother, God, truth, justice and the American way of life.

Early Wynn is not inclined toward sentimentality. Working through four decades in the major leagues, he had won 300 games and he had intimidated generations of American League batters with the best knockdown pitching of his time. He knew he deserved to be in the Hall of Fame.

The telephone rang. It was an enthusiastic young man from a wire service. "Naturally, I'm happy, and so is my wife," Wynn said. "We have had a long wait ... I don't think I am as thrilled as I would have been if I had made it the first time. I would have liked to have joined Stan Musial and Ted Williams and Walter Johnson as players who gained the honor the first year they were eligible."

A few weeks later, during a private conversation when he was less concerned with keeping in baseball's good graces,

Wynn told me, "Hall of Fame? Hell, it's a Hall of Shame. I should have been voted in three years ago." He pulled the cork from a bottle of rare old Canadian whiskey. He took a drink.

That summer Wynn managed Orlando, the Twins farm team in the Class A Florida State League. It pleased him to work in the Minnesota organization under Calvin Griffith, because Calvin's uncle, Clark Griffith, had brought Wynn into the majors in 1939. Early took a few days off to attend the induction ceremonies at Cooperstown that August and did make a few sentimental comments in a speech. That may have been an error. Griffith fired him from Orlando in November, making Wynn the only man I know of who was trumpeted into the Hall of Fame and bounced out of a managing job in the same year.

Baseball offers a full quota of absurdities. In the low minors, where players are supposed to be learning, you find one man, the manager, charged with teaching 20 different apprentices. In the majors, where players are supposed to be fully skilled, you find special coaches for pitching, catching and even base running. The big leagues have expanded chaotically, and clubs that might have become intense and profitable rivals—Oakland and San Francisco, for example—play in different leagues. It is tempting to regard

Wynn's dismissal as one more instance of baseball's thoughtlessness. Some, knowing the Minnesota organization, suggest that Griffith simply wanted to find someone else who would manage for \$500 less. I suspect other considerations were involved.

Wynn is a fierce, direct man who can take a drink. Don Newcombe took a drink, too, and he told a Senate subcommittee last March that whiskey had cost him his career, his first marriage, all his investments and his home. The difference is the classic borderline between drinking and alcoholism. Wynn could mix hard stuff with wine, drink throughout an evening, run at 11 the next morning and pitch a shutout. Newcombe said that after his best season, 1956, when he was 27-7, he went to Japan with the Dodgers "and was so constantly drunk that I was unable to pitch a single game on the trip." (Newcombe is no longer an alcoholic. He says he promised in 1966 on the head of his oldest son never to drink again. He has kept his promise.)

To Wynn, convivial gatherings were a delight of big-league life. He went to parties and he gave parties, gay raucous evenings rich in baseball talk and needing, and with a single exception, he never overestimated his capacity. One night, when he was pitching for Cleveland, he visited Bill Veck, who owned



the Indians. Martinis preceded dinner; stingers followed. "Curiously, I don't remember exactly what we served next," Veeck says, "but I do recall that at 4.30 in the morning I was mixing grasshoppers. Then it struck Early. He was scheduled to pitch the next day, and here he was drinking late with the boss."

"I better go home," Wynn said. "One o'clock game."

"It's too late to worry about sleep now," Veeck said. "You better just keep going."

Wynn reached the ball park at 11, put on a rubber jacket and began to run. He sweated, showered and went out and pitched a shutout. "Then the reporters came," Veeck says, "and Early answered all their questions. He got somebody with the knuckleball. Someone else was fooled by a high slider. He did just fine until the last reporter left the dressing room. Then he fell over on his face."

There was nothing bland about Early, nothing subdued, nothing cautious. He didn't like hitters, and he said he didn't like hitters. He knocked them down. "Why I should worry about hitters?" Wynn said. "Do they worry about me? Do you ever find a hitter crying because he's hit a line drive through the box? My job is getting hitters out. If I don't get them out I lose. I don't like losing a game anymore than a salesman likes losing a big sale. I've got a right to knock down anybody holding a bat."

"Suppose it was your own mother?" a reporter said.

Wynn thought briefly. "Mother was a pretty good curveball hitter," he said.

That was humor, but at Yankee Stadium I saw Wynn brush back his son. Joe Early was a tall, rangy boy who was

continued

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Grand Old Game

visiting at his father's place of business for a day, and Early volunteered to throw a little batting practice. Joe Early hit a long line drive to left center. The next pitch was at his cheekbone; it sent Joe Early diving to the ground.

"You shouldn't crowd me," Wynn said with a certain noncommittal tenderness.

Wynn learned rope tricks and played supermarket openings. He began a newspaper column and within a month had attacked general managers for their penury and *The Sporting News* for publishing too much gossip. Air travel bothered him, so he took flying lessons and purchased a single-engine plane. He bought a cabin cruiser and a motorcycle and a Packard and a Mercedes, leading Shirley Povich of the *Washington Post* to comment, "Early does not lack for transportation." Wynn simply seized life with his great hands, implacably determined to squeeze every ounce of living out of his time.

Despite that, his staying power was prodigious. He pitched for the Senators in 1919, moved on in 1949 to become a mainstay of the great Indian staff that included Bob Feller and Bob Lemon, and 10 years after that pitched the White Sox to a pennant and won the Cy Young award. He was a thick-chested, black-haired man with a natural glow, which he would direct at the batters like a death ray. He seemed indestructible. But in the early 1960s he began to suffer attacks of gout. On a snap throw to first, he strained muscles near his elbow, and the gout moved into his pitching arm. His legs were weakening. It was time to quit, but he wanted to win his 300th game.

"During those last years," says Wynn's wife Lorraine, "when he'd come back from running, his legs would be so sore that we had to work out this routine. He'd lie down on his stomach and I'd take a rolling pin and move it up and down over the backs of his legs. That was the only thing that seemed to relax the muscles."

The old fastball was gone, and it was not until 1963 (it took him three seasons to win his last 16 games) that Wynn got his 300th. To do it, he had to pitch in pain and terrible weariness, but 300 was the goal and he got there. "Hell, I've lost more than 200," he said.

His rage to live persisted, and one night he asked if there were any interesting parties in New York. We tried one, which was dull, and another, which was

worse. "Let's go down to the Village Barn," he said.

"That's way downtown," I said, "I haven't been there since college."

"I just want to see that place one more time."

The Barn was barren. It was getting very late. We had some drinks. "The hitters may not know this," Wynn said, "they aren't all that smart. But I know it. I can't get 'em out anymore."

"You're in your 40s. Early, what did you figure? You knew this was going to happen."

His face assumed a look of inexpressible sadness. "But now it's happening," he said.

After retiring, he drifted through a predictable mix of baseball jobs: pitching coach, scout, minor league manager. But he never became a politic man. In 1969, when Billy Martin managed the Twins, a columnist's story enraged Martin. Three sportswriters, Red Smith among them, appeared on the field. Martin began cursing at the periphery of the press. "Anyone who talks to any of those newspaper bastards is crazy," Martin yelled.

Wynn had known Smith for 20 years. He was also Martin's pitching coach. Before Martin's popping eyes, Wynn walked over to Smith and welcomed him warmly to the field. He was not Martin's pitching coach again.

I spent a week with Wynn in Orlando in 1972 riding buses through central Florida, working out with the team when he would let me, tasting life at the bottom of the manors. He seemed to be an excellent manager. Some of the players, notably pitchers, were awed, so Early took them to dinner or visited their homes. The Twins resisted the idea of supplying beer for the team bus. Early bought the beer out of his own pocket. "I sort of have to be head counselor," he said.

His pitching approach was unorthodox, because he believed in the high slider. Usually you throw the fastball up and the slider down. Wynn explained how to use the slider high. "Start with a bad one that breaks wide. Bad pitch, but till it breaks it looks O.K. The batter goes for it and misses, and you have your strike. Try with something else, the curve, or for me the knuckler, and you can get a second strike. Now throw a spinner—not a slider, but a ball that spins and looks like it's gonna slide—just where you threw that first pitch. The batter

thinks it will break wide again. He doesn't swing, and you've got called strike three. Of course, you've got to put something on the ball." He meant that the pitcher had to throw hard, but few of the young men on his Orlando staff were really fast. The team went nowhere, and Griffith fired Wynn as the manager.

Early handled a but well enough to pinch-hit for Washington. He was a switch hitter who once batted .319. He was a scholar of the game, and whenever I have watched him teach, he has been both stern and patient. The knock-down pitch has been curtailed by a system of fines, but I don't think that's why nobody likes Wynn.

Baseball executives increasingly favor men who are corporate-bland. More and more major league teams are run by syndicates, and syndicates prefer managers and coaches who do as they are told, salute the company president and study statistics rather than spend spirited evenings talking baseball with the press. Vereck might have brought Early to Chicago this season, but Paul Richards, Vereck's manager, wanted to be his own pitching coach. Charlie Finley? Proud independent field leaders are not to Finley's taste.

Wynn has found work in Florida as sales coordinator for Wellcraft, a boat manufacturing company, and flying south I expected to find him depressed, or at least subdued.

He lives in Nokomis, 40 minutes south of Sarasota, and commutes to his office every morning. "The traffic," he said, his old rage still intact. "What the hell do government officials think about, if they do think? What do they think the west coast of Florida is, a slum? It was no secret that more and more people would be moving here. We knew it 20 years ago. Why haven't they put in first-class roads?"

We wandered outside the house that I had first visited in 1954. It had been in the country then. Now other houses crowded close. He started his boat and headed toward an inland waterway, once a blue corridor of beauty. There were little mangrove islands then, and channel markers with pelicans sitting on them. As the boat approached, the pelicans would suddenly fly off. Later we fished, and I caught a Budweiser can.

Now the inland waterway runs between huge condominiums with white concrete sun decks and yellow shul-

board courts. "I didn't used to know what ecology meant," Wynn said as we cruised. "I sure do now. I guess while I was up there pitching, somebody forgot to put in zoning laws."

We turned around and docked and walked into his party room. Baseballs from 15 of his greatest victories hung from the ceiling. He had placed his Cy Young trophy on one wall. From another wall, three men smiled out of an old picture: Stan Musial, Ted Williams, Early Wynn.

"The Hall of Fame," I began. "Look, I'm honored to be in there," he said. "Hartford, Alabama, that's where I grew up, and the biggest thing that happened in that town was a peanut festival. But we had baseball, and we'd ride mule wagons many a mile for a town game. They write that when I showed up at a pro tryout I was barefoot. I wasn't, but I was wearing overalls. It's a long way from Hartford, Alabama to Cooperstown, but any man who wins 300 major league games ought to get voted in as soon as he's eligible. I mean, don't people know how much hard work that is?"

I said I thought I did and asked how he liked the job at Wellcraft. "Well, I've always been fond of boats," he said. He took out a catalogue, and then the fiercest competitor I've known in baseball set about selling me a cabin cruiser.

A light checking account blocked the sale, but this wasn't precisely like a Wynn ball game. I knew I could resist his will without getting a fastball fired at my head.

THE CHILDREN OF ROBERTO

On a Puerto Rican plain, beside Avenida Iturregui and a pleasant subdivision called Country Club, 600 barren acres stretch under a pitiless sun. Part of the land is dry and caked, part is still marsh. This is Ciudad Deportiva (Sports City), one of the last dreams Roberto Clemente voiced before a DC-7, overloaded and undermanned, carried him to his death in the Caribbean on the night of Dec. 31, 1972.

I suppose sociologists would find Clemente's dream naive. He wanted to build a Puerto Rican sports camp open only to the very poor, who would attend free of charge. He hoped that "every single child from poverty can learn to play

continued

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sports and maybe make some success as I did." More than \$800,000 has been collected for Ciudad Deportiva, and soon four years will have passed since Clemente's death. On the barren plain two bulldozers work at a languorous pace that would have been inimical to Roberto Clemente.

Certain rumors persist about the death of Clemente, neither a saint nor a tramp, but a gifted ballplayer with a social conscience. "Bobby had a woman in Nicaragua," someone insists. "That's the real reason he took that flight." Another Puerto Rican suggests that the plane contained gold, or U.S. dollars, which Clemente was going to sequester beyond the grasp of tax authorities.

These are the facts. That November, Clemente had taken an amateur Puerto Rican baseball team to play a series of games in Nicaragua. He had liked riding in ox carts as a boy in Carolina, his home village, and in Nicaragua he saw ox carts

again. He also met a hospitalized child without legs and asked why he had no artificial limbs.

"We don't have any money," the boy said. "Legs would cost \$800."

"When I go back to Puerto Rico I will raise the money," Clemente promised.

Five weeks later Managua was literally flattened by six violent shocks. Howard Hughes flew away at the first tremor. In Puerto Rico, Clemente organized a relief campaign. He appeared on television and radio, pleading for money, morphine, sugar. Although his back ached, he helped load supplies on trucks in a staging area near Hiram Bichom Stadium. Then word reached him that soldiers in the Nicaraguan army were stealing the supplies and selling them to earthquake victims.

Clemente remembered the ox carts and the crippled boy. He had recently lined his 3,000th major league hit, a double, and he had a strong sense of his Latin

fame. "If I go to Nicaragua, the stealing will stop," he said, beating a palm against his chest. "They would not dare to steal from Roberto Clemente."

A jet could have been used. The DC-7 was cheaper. A certified flight engineer could not be found to work on New Year's Eve. Instead, the third seat in the cockpit was occupied by an aircraft mechanic. Sixteen 60-pound bags of sugar were hastily loaded through the plane's forward door as the last minutes. Were they properly lashed down? According to witnesses, one engine seemed to sputter when the plane went down the runway at 9:20 p.m. A trained engineer, studying the engine analyzers that show the condition of each engine on a small green tube, can make an instant diagnosis. If necessary, he shouts, "Abort! Abort!" A me-

chanic lacks the flight experience to make such a decision.

The plane took off. Another engine coughed. On a tape of the plane's radio transmissions to the tower you can hear the pilot say without panic. "This is NC 500 comin' back around." It is thought that the pilot, a man named Hill, banked the plane steeply. It could have been that the bags of sugar shifted. In the blackness, NC 500 continued to bank and then slipped sideways into 12-foot waves at approximately 150 mph. The aircraft might as well have flown into a wall of concrete.

"It was so sad for all of us," said Luis Rodriguez Mayoral, a Pirate scout who guided me about his island. "In one year we lost two great heroes. Roberto Clemente and Don Pablo Casals. But do people remember? If they did, wouldn't Ciudad Deportiva be more than this by now?"

Latins have a gift for patient melancholy, but Mayoral brightened quickly. "I will show you, amigo, that there is nothing else sad about baseball on our island. Our island baseball is wonderful. *¿cu sabes?*"

We drove Mayoral's Volkswagen through San Juan, on to a village called Guaynabo, then to Caguas, a small city located along a road lined by royal poincianas, a tree with rust-red flowers. We watched Little League ball in Carolina, now a suburb in the San Juan sprawl, and we saw amateurs play in Las Piedras (The Rocks), a town that did not even appear on my tourist map. I visited a saloon there called, for reasons nobody knows, The Guadalupe Bar. Puerto Rican baseball is a joyous pastime played mostly for the wonders of the game.

"We have a problem," said Vic Power, the old major-leaguer, as he studied 14-year-olds on a cloudy day in Caguas. "We have much participation. Too much participation. Too many dreams of the major leagues. I see a good player. I have to tell him it is 10,000 to 1 he will not make the major leagues. Sometimes I have to tell them it is 100,000 to 1, because if you are both black and Puerto Rican, they will not easily accept you. It will be very much more difficult."

Five years ago Power took an amateur team to Cuba, where Fidel Castro sought him out and spoke of having wanted to pitch in the major leagues. (Early Wynn and Fidel Castro pitching on the

continued on page 62





NO. 1 RANKED AMERICAN



NO. 2 RANKED AMERICAN



NO. 3 RANKED AMERICAN



NO. 4 RANKED AMERICAN



NO. 5 RANKED AMERICAN



NO. 6 RANKED AMERICAN



NO. 7 RANKED AMERICAN



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NO. 19 RANKED AMERICAN



NO. 20 RANKED AMERICAN



U.S. Open Tennis Championships

The following 24 page advertising section contains photographs, illustrations, information and anecdotes about the 20 top ranked American players who will compete with the best in the world at Forest Hills.



Baseball has its World Series. Football has its Super Bowl. Tennis has its rankings. In fact, there is a tennis adage that goes something like this: First came the invention of the tennis ball, then something with which to hit it, then rankings of the top players. Not everyone agrees that it was in this order.

What they do agree upon is the **importance** of ranking players. And any fan worth his tennis will tell you that rankings are at least as important as an All-Star game or an All-Pro team. The fact that nearly everyone disagrees with the results (unless, of course, his favorite is ranked Number One) seems to have very little effect on the enthusiasm with which they study the Top Ten list each year. It has been that way for as long as anyone can remember.

Ranking, as defined by the United States Tennis Association, simply is a player's standing in relation to **other** players over the course of a year. On the other hand, a **rating** is the relative standing of a player at a certain point in time, says the USTA, and it is more or less a personal evaluation of a player's wins and losses.

The USTA has the only official ranking list of American players. Its men's list is the result of a



computer system that evaluates 12 months of tournament results, producing an average performance figure. The women's system considers a more traditional head-to-head approach, but it will likely go to the computer method next season.

Arthur Ashe, for instance, is not ranked Number One because he won Wimbledon and the World Championship of Tennis but because he played well in more tournaments where other top-ranked players were in competition. This gave him a higher average than, say, second place Jimmy Connors, who didn't play as tough a circuit, the computer says. Conversely, Billie Jean King is not ranked at all this year because she did not fulfill the minimum ranking requirements of the USTA.

So, with computer assistance for the men and



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Over the years, Volvo has become the very symbol of the safe, sane automobile, designed for people with a rational view of life.

But anyone who slides behind the wheel of a 1976 Volvo 240 may discover it's something more.

As *Road Test* magazine has put it: "This is one fun car to drive."

This year, Volvo has introduced a new fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine. It has extremely fast pickup in the 20-55 m.p.h. range where most serious driving is done.

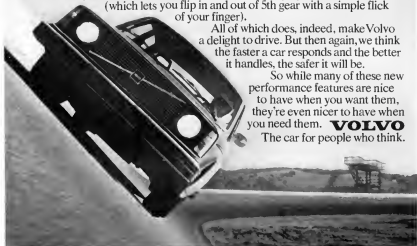
In a comparison of passing times, a Volvo 242 with a 4-cylinder engine was faster than a Mercedes 280 with a six.

Volvo also gives you rack and pinion steering to help you take life's curves. And a spring-strut front suspension designed to keep the car steady and level even if you take them fast. You get 4-wheel power disc brakes. And you can order a 4-speed manual transmission with electrically-operated overdrive (which lets you flip in and out of 5th gear with a simple flick of your finger).

All of which does, indeed, make Volvo a delight to drive. But then again, we think the faster a car responds and the better it handles, the safer it will be.

So while many of these new performance features are nice to have when you want them, they're even nicer to have when you need them. **VOLVO**

The car for people who think.



NO. 1 ARTHUR ROBERT ASHE, JR.



head-to-head encounters for the women, here are brief biographies and playing styles of the top 20 ranked tennis players in America.

NO. 1 ARTHUR ROBERT ASHE, JR.

The emergence of Arthur Ashe as the top-ranked player in the United States was welcomed by tennis fans everywhere because this intellectual president of the Association of Tennis Professionals had become a bridesmaid figure. Described as the best runner-up player in the world since his big year in 1968, Ashe put it all together in 1975 and, with the same dogged determination as he had displayed seven years earlier, he won 108 matches.

In 1968 he won the inaugural U. S. Open and attained his only other Number One rating. And that was after experts said it would be impossible for an amateur to accomplish either feat. In 1975



the same experts were around to say it was impossible to beat Jimmy Connors. With his back to the wall once more, Ashe not only humbled Connors at Wimbledon but he beat him in the ranking battle as well.

Ashe is described by most followers as a sportsman who stays cool out there on the court. A lot of opponents agree. His game is built around power and hard serving and he is a player who likes to rush the net and put away the volley right behind the serve.

"Ashe hits a volley with so much underspin on it that the ball appears to hit the grass and just lie there," one observer says.

He grew up on clay courts around Richmond, Virginia, and began early to develop his power game, but in recent years he has added a great deal of finesse, particularly in 1975. A booming, generally flat, first serve is usually followed by a less severe second serve with a slight twist. He possesses an unusually hard-hit topspin drive, forehand and backhand and is unmatched with his backhand volley. His early clay court training has given him an overpowering game on fast surfaces. It is somewhat less devastating on slower surfaces. But it hasn't slowed down the 33-year-old Super star enough to keep him from winning well over one million dollars in his eight years as a professional.

NO. 10 ROSEMARY CASALS

Rosie Casals played a limited schedule in 1975 and, placed below 3rd for the first time since 1970.

NO. 10 ROSEMARY CASALS



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She plays it hard, fast and brilliantly.

But GE Multi-Vapor® lighting won't let you miss a single piece of the action.

Margaret Court is pictured winning her 66th major world tennis title here in the doubles championship play of the 1975 U.S. Open Tennis Tournament, the first U.S. Open held "under the lights" at Forest Hills, N.Y.

The U.S. Open at Forest Hills is one place to see modern tennis at its best, and in one of its best lights thanks to General Electric Multi-Vapor lighting. Modern metal halide lamps make night-time playing conditions super, indoors or out. They provide a consistent, uniform cool white light that makes seeing a pleasure.

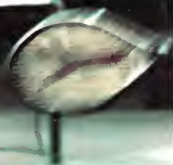
What's more, GE Multi-Vapor lamps deliver more light per watt to where the action is than most other lamp types. And that adds up to significant energy and dollar savings.

Whatever your lighting goal is for tennis (or for your business), there's a GE light source that's probably "just right" for you... Lucalox® lamps for our most efficient lighting. Multi-Vapor lamps for a nice combination of efficiency and a cool white color. Fluorescent lighting for a good blend of efficiency and a soft diffuse lighting. Quartzline® and incandescent lamps for instant on-off applications and low initial costs.

We all wish we could play like Margaret Court, but we can't. At least, we can play under good lighting like she does. Call your local GE lamp representative to help pick the right light for you. Or write General Electric, Department C-618, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio 44112. (Phone toll free on 1-800-321-7170; in Ohio, please call 1-800-362-2750).

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NO. 2 JAMES SCOTT CONNORS



Twice during those years she was ranked second

Casals and Billie Jean King are the only women ever to win U. S. doubles championships on all four surfaces

Diminutive Rosie Casals, one of the fastest women on the circuit, displays an outstanding net game. She possesses an infinite variety of shots and is a superb volleyer. A pressure player

NO. 2 JAMES SCOTT CONNORS

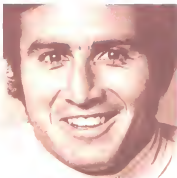
Jimmy Connors was Number One last year and in many people's books still should be there. In just as many other books he is "Peck a Bad Boy." Temperamental and explosive, Connors compiled the best won-lost record, percentage-wise, of anyone during the 1975 season. His 83 victories against 8 defeats (.912) was just short of his all-time 1974 record of .950 when he lost only four matches (also a record).

Connors was born 23 years ago in East St. Louis, Illinois. His mother was then, and still is, a tennis-teaching professional and it was through the tutoring of Gloria Thompson Connors that Jimmy became one of the greats of the game. The effectiveness of her firm stand is attested to by the more than one million dollars he has earned in his first four years as a pro.

His mother is still at his side at all major matches.

"Had Gloria been a piano teacher, Jimmy would have been another Van Cliburn," a friend of the family says.

NO. 5 EDWARD GEORGE DIBBS



Connors' hard serve, variable grip and two-handed backhand make him extremely competitive. His best shot is his return of serve. His groundstroke is one of the best in the game. He is always on the attack, using topspin and lobs effectively, and he is one of the quickest and strongest players in tennis.

Today he seems to be dedicated to one thing: regaining his Number One ranking. As one observer put it: "He won't rest until he gets it back. He is to tennis what Ali is to boxing. And you have to admit he's done a lot for the game."

NO. 5 EDWARD GEORGE DIBBS

Eddie Dibbs appears in the Top Ten for the first time. An early season illness slowed him down but he gained momentum as the season progressed, and he powered his way past Cliff Richey and



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lots of fruits and vegetables—and Mazola pure corn oil. Result:
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Couldn't your "team" benefit from such a dietary program?
Mazola suggests you ask your doctor.

We have two excellent booklets on diet and exercise. For your free
copies, write Mazola, Dept. DES4, Box 307, Coventry, CT 06238.

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS:

The complete report mentioned
above was published in the "Journal
of The American Dietetic Association"
Volume 62, February 1973.

Ask your doctor.

Arthur Ashe at Forest Hills before losing to Borg. Dibbs won the title at Teheran and then the Dewar Cup where he beat Connors, but all of this was after the ranking year was over. He still won nearly \$90,000 during 1975.

His followers expect him to do even better at Forest Hills this year. The two-handed backhand is this 23-year-old baseliner's best stroke, and his strongest game is on clay.

NO. 1 CHRISTINE MARIE EVERT

To say that Chris Evert has competition at home would be a towering understatement. Her sister, Jeanne, ranks 15th and her brother, John, ranks 13th nationally in Boys 14s.

It might be easy for some players to get lost in the shuffle of family competition, but not Chris. Her long practice schedule is incredible and her list of accomplishments astounding for the relatively few years she has been playing professionally.

At 16 she was the youngest semifinalist in the history of the women's national championship at Forest Hills. Her earnings towered above \$825,000 in her first three years as a professional, and she attained the top spot in the world for women tennis players at an age when most women listen to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance."

She was born in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, on December 21, 1954, and became the youngest to rank Number One since Maureen Connolly did it in 1953.

It is said that Billie Jean King once remarked to Rosemary Casals: "we shouldn't feel badly about losing to her because she's probably hit more balls than we have."

By her own admission, her extreme concentration in tournament play has fallen off somewhat and she was not as tournament tough earlier this year as she had been in past seasons. But she is fighting back and her fans argue that she is not apt to lose her Number One ranking.

Her serve is much improved and she is changing her style to a certain extent, becoming more aggressive and coming to the net more. This added to her ground strokes, which are as strong as women's tennis has ever seen, tends to make believers out of many.



NO. 1 CHRISTINE MARIE EVERT

Evert's trademark is the two-handed backhand. She also is particularly good at disguising this backhand in both spin and direction. She is one of the greatest pressure players in tennis.

NO. 4 VITAS KEVIN GERULAITIS

The rise of Vitas Gerulaitis to fourth-ranked is almost meteoric. In 1972, his first season, he was ranked 41st. The following two years his ranking was 21st, and then he burst into the Top Ten by reaching the finals of the U.S. Pro Indoor Championships in Philadelphia, where he was beaten in a dramatic match with Marty Riessen, 7-6, 5-7, 6-2, 6-7, 6-3.

The 22-year-old New Yorker played in 16 tournaments in 1975, winning 43 times while losing only 15.



NO. 4 VITAS KEVIN GERULAITIS

The Royal Edge. It's built to your advantage.

From top to bottom, the PRO-Keds Royal Edge is designed to give you the edge.

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And to keep you quick on your feet, the soles are lightweight polyurethane for maximum speed and toughness.

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A shoe that can make you look better.

On or off the court.

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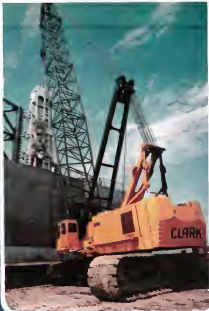


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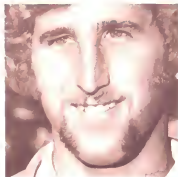
Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan 49107

CLARK



Melroe Bobcat backhoe helps lay a new underground line.

NO. 6 BRIAN EDWARD GOTTFRIED



Gerulaitis' weak serve has been a constant problem to him but he has developed a lightning-quick mobility on the court to help overcome it.

NO. 6 BRIAN EDWARD GOTTFRIED

Brian Gottfried is best known for his doubles play, but many observers feel that he has finally achieved the confidence in singles to make him a strong contender for many victories and possibly an even higher ranking in 1976.

He won the World Championship Tennis doubles with Raul Ramirez. Gottfried completed his best season to date in 1975 with a 76-34 singles and doubles record, which was good enough for \$171,130 in winnings.

A 24-year-old native of Baltimore, Gottfried is one



NO. 6 RAMONA ANN GUERRANT

of the hardest hitters in the game. His backhand grip serves go from a slight to a severe spin. He has a preference for net play and follows most of his serves there. He is an all-surface player

NO. 6 RAMONA ANN GUERRANT

Mona Guerrant was born in Iowa 27 years ago, a long way from the main street of tennis, but she soared from 15th in 1974 to 6th in 1975. Her important wins last year were against Julie Heldman (to reach the quarter-finals of the Virginia Slims in Houston), Francoise Durr, Nancy Gunter and Rosie Casals. She also defeated Martina Navratilova in late 1974 and took her to three sets in 1975 before losing.

She is an aggressive volleyer with a solid overhand and good speed. Her game is extremely varied and if she has a weakness it is lack of power





"Time and time again, endurance wins."

John Newcombe

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ROLEX

NO. 2 NANCY RICHEY GUNTER

**NO. 2 NANCY RICHEY GUNTER**

Nancy Gunter probably shows more determination than any woman in tennis. Like Connors, she grew up with a tennis-teaching pro around, her father, George C. Richey. But, unlike Connors, friends say she would probably have made it on her own, mainly because of the incredible determination she possesses.

She is a baseline player and the only woman to win the clay court singles title six times. Her run of 33 straight clay court match wins stands as the longest winning streak in that event in American women's national championship play.

She and brother Cliff Richey are the first sister and brother to rank in the Top Ten together, and they have done it nine times.

Gunter's ability to slug it out on the baseline is her greatest distinction. Next is her hard hit and extremely accurate drives. She seldom attempts to disguise her shots and her victories come from near perfect execution.

She was born in San Angelo, Texas, on August 23, 1942 and has been ranked Number One three times. She was ranked Number Three in 1960, her first year of tournament play, which may be a monument to her determination.

NO. 3 JULIE MEDALIE HELDMAN

At 30 Julie Heldman apparently has begun again to move toward the top spot. She was second-ranked in 1958 and 1969, dropped to fifth in 1973 and 1974 and moved up to third last year.

She inherited her interest in the game from her mother who founded **World Tennis** magazine, and following graduation from Stanford, she also



NO. 3 JULIE MEDALIE HELDMAN

became a writer, as well as a television commentator on tennis. She is considered one of the toughest competitors in the game by fellow players. She is a hard and accurate hitter from the baseline. Her serves are soft but carefully placed slices. She almost never takes net.

Heldman has unusually fast reflexes and plays a well-rounded, thinking game.

NO. 9 TERRY ANN HOLLADAY

In her second year as a pro, five-foot eleven-inch Terry Holladay jumped from 28th to 8th—a spectacular accomplishment for the 20-year-old native of Charlotte, North Carolina.

She defeated Margaret Court to advance to the quarter-finals of the Slims event in Dallas and made it to the finals of the British Hard Court championship at Bournemouth.



NO. 9 TERRY ANN HOLLADAY

Heart specialist



A man in a suit and a woman in a floral dress are holding a large bouquet of red roses. A young boy stands next to them, holding a briefcase. They are in a living room with a fireplace, a lamp, and framed pictures on the wall.



A bouquet of yellow and orange daisies in a vase.

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She is an aggressive player and spends a lot of time at the net. Her height is an advantage and she uses it effectively in serving and volleying.

NO. 7 KATHY ANNA KUYKENDALL

The highlights of Kathy Kuykendall's 1975 season were wins over Kerry Melville Reid and Wendy Overton. She did not lose an opening round match in the Virginia Slims tour (8-0)

At 19 she is the youngest player in the Top Ten.

A native of Houston, Kuykendall mixes three serves—a twist, a wide slice and a hard, flat serve. Her forceful forehand is one of the best in women's tennis. She plays a versatile game of baseline at times and attacks with drop shots and lobs at other times.



NO. 7 KATHY ANNA KUYKENDALL



NO. 5 MARCELYN LOUIE

NO. 5 MARCELYN LOUIE

Marcie Louie, 23, is another player who has tremendous competition at home. Her two sisters, Marna and Maureen, both younger, have followed Marcie through the Girls 12s Championships and Maureen is now ranked 4th in Girls 16s

Louie won the Canadian Open and played strongly throughout the Virginia Slims circuit. One of her outstanding performances during 1975 was her upset win over Nancy Gunter in the Slims championship opening round

Her first serve is a fairly powerful slice and her second is a spin, both with a backhand grip. She does not advance to the net often

NO. 8 ROBERT CHARLES LUTZ

Bob Lutz could be described as the Iron Man of tennis. He has placed in the Top Ten six times



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since 1967, which is an enviable record in itself. But Lutz has done it with probably the worst knees in the sport. He had major knee surgery in 1972 and has been plagued with problems ever since, although it has had little effect on his game. Lutz fans are quick to point out, however, that he might be Number One if he had Arthur Ashe's knees.

Lutz, 29, defeated Borg, Newcombe and Rosewall in 1975 and won \$80,000.

A hard hitter, Lutz takes the net rapidly and attacks with strong volleys.

NO. 8 JANET SCOTT NEWBERRY

Janet Newberry is one of six American women who have represented the United States in Wightman, Federation and Bell Cup team matches. The 23-year-old Californian is back in the Top Ten for the second time in her seven-year career.



NO. 8 JANET SCOTT NEWBERRY



During 1975 she had wins over Wendy Overton, Francoise Durr and Kerry Melville Reid. Her nemesis proved to be Chris Evert who defeated her three times in as many meetings. In one of the outstanding matches at Wimbledon she lost to Virginia Wade in an extremely long and dramatic match in which she had held a number of match points.

She is a hard-hitter and varies her attack, following the serve to the net with great regularity.

NO. 4 WENDY ALLYN OVERTON

Wendy Overton is one of the most aggressive women players in the game. She jumped ten places in 1975, in a season that included wins over Evonne Goolagong, Carrie Meyer and Mona Guerrant.



NO. 4 WENDY ALLYN OVERTON

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NO. 9 GEORGE CLIFFORD RICHEY, JR.



She was born March 31, 1947 at Glen Cove, New York, but grew up at Ormond Beach, Florida, where she had a year 'round opportunity to practice and perfect her game.

Her first serve is flat and the second a slice, both of them coming from a backhand grip. Overton is quick to take the net. She uses the lob only when necessary. She has a very strong backhand drive.

NO. 9 GEORGE CLIFFORD RICHEY, JR.

Cliff Richey was Number One in the United States in 1970 and went continually downhill every year until 1975. He pulled himself from 12th to 9th, back into the Top Ten, mainly by the sheer tenacity that drives him. Some refer to his attitude toward the game as an obsession.

One of the hardest-working pros on the tour, Richey went directly into professional tennis from high school. His topspinning forehands and a quick temper promptly drew attention to him. His ability was just as apparent and in 1968 at Age 20 he was ranked Fifth in the nation.

He is a strong pressure player who follows his serves to the net.

NO. 7 HAROLD CHARLES SOLOMON

Harold Solomon has been a professional since



NO. 7 HAROLD CHARLES SOLOMON

1972 and has been ranked in the Top Ten every year but one. In 1975 he won more than \$140,000. He captured tournaments at Toronto, Memphis, Washington and Melbourne and was second in his WCT group with a 22-7 Mark.

Solomon reached the WCT finals with Rod Laver in Dallas, only to lose in five sets. Until 1975 Solomon was considered a clay surface threat only, but his record last year, particularly in the strong WCT outings, opened a lot of eyes to the fact that he is now an all-surface player.

He is known for a topspinning lob drive. He seldom advances to the net, unless he is on grass or it is an absolute necessity. His retrieving ability is outstanding and fans often refer to him as the "human backboard." He is 23 and a native of Washington, D.C.





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**NO. 10 RICHARD LA CLEDE STOCKTON**

A back ailment slowed Dick Stockton down in 1975 when he slipped three places in the rankings. He is the holder of more junior's records (20) than any other player.

The 25-year-old native of New York City is constantly on the attack and is always seeking net position.

Observers predict that if he can cure his chronic back problems he will return to the form that carried him to the semifinals at Wimbledon in 1974.

NO. 3 LEONARD ROSCOE TANNER, III

Roscoe Tanner is a perfect example of the consistency needed to do well in the WCT tour. The 24-year-old Tennessean did not win a single WCT event but earned just under \$150,000 in 1975 with six semifinal or better showings.



Tanner has one of the fastest serves in the world, and one of the hardest to handle. One of the strongest points is his complete repertoire of difficult shots and his volleying.

Acceptance into the main singles draws at the U.S. Open is, however, determined by yet two other computer ranking lists—that of the Association of Tennis Professionals for men (used for the year-long Grand Prix), and the Women's International Computerized Rankings. Players with top rankings receive direct entry into the respective main draws.

Most of the field of 128 men and 96 women is filled by this "direct-in" method, although some slots are held open for qualifiers, wild cards, and special exemptions. Separate tournaments are held for players trying for the qualifier spots.

The U.S. Open Tennis Championships are sanctioned by the United States Tennis Association and held at The West Side Tennis Club. This year's dates are September 1st through 12th, with the women's finals set for the 11th and the men's the 12th. The rankings of the U.S. players are only one part of trying to figure out the winners at Forest Hills. Relative weights should also be placed on the weather, the pairings, individual temperaments, accidents, and of course, the competition from some of the greatest tennis players from all parts of the world.



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same stuff." It's a good thing not every dream comes true.)

Power's memories of playing as a black are cold and somewhat bitter. "It was very hard when I got to the States," Power said. "I am strong and not afraid, but I do not want to be murdered. When I first came to Florida for training in Fort Myers, one night I was afraid to cross the street. Three white men stood on the other side. I could see from the way they held themselves that it would be bad if we came close together."

"The light was green and they walked across the street. I stood in a doorway, and as you see, I am very black. I hoped they would not notice me. They did not. They passed. When the light was red, I went across the street."

"The policeman came from nowhere. He held my shoulder and he had a gun and he said I was arrested for crowing against the light. He took me to court, and the judge looked at me in a hard way. This is what I said: 'I am Puerto-ricanico and a ballplayer and I do not know how it is in the continental states. I thought the green light meant for whites to cross and the red light meant black people could cross the street.'"

"What did the judge tell you?"

"He said he didn't believe me, but that the case was dismissed and that I should never again appear before him in court."

Then Power told harder stories, most of them rife with bellicose. He mentioned that Ted Williams liked him, and he was proud of that. When Jimmy Piersall had called him a black bastard, Power had recognized Piersall's intensity and his own strength and had withdrawn. And Early Wynn, oh, Early Wynn. He lived in Florida, but he was a very good pitcher.

When you are looking at a team you have not seen before, watch the shortstop, who must move laterally and charge slow, twisting ground balls and make the play. Neither 14-year-old shortstop playing in front of Power and the looked promising. Power agreed. We were not seeing the best of Puerto Rican games. "In New York, in what you call Spanish Harlem, do you still remember my Gold Gloves up there?" he asked.

The baseball cast is always changing, and in Spanish Harlem people now talk of Felix Millan and John Candelaria and Willie Montañez. "Sure, they remember your Gold Gloves," I told Power.

He beamed. "This team is called Cafe Crema after a big coffee company that gives the uniforms. It is not the best team, and Cafe Crema is not the best coffee. When you have lunch, order our other coffee, Cafe Rico."

Following lunch the next day, Mayoral drove me to the Country Club section for a Little League playoff. At Parque Angel Ramos, 200 people cheered and watched and listened to Carlos de Jesus broadcast over loudspeakers as the game developed before their eyes. Country Club defeated Valle Arriba 9-0, and the Country Club shortstop, Jorge Burgos, played impressively.

In the fifth inning, with Country Club's victory already safe, a Valle Arriba base runner reached second. The next pitch bounded five feet from the catcher. The runner did not try to advance, but when I looked up, there was Jorge Burgos backing up third.

"Good play," I told the 12-year-old after the game.

"Not a good play," he corrected me in Spanish. "Just the play you're supposed to make."

"Would you like to make the major leagues?"

"In my short life, I have accomplished little aside from baseball," he said. "So my answer is, yes. I would like to play there. But perhaps later, when I accomplish other things, my answer would be different."

When Guaynabo played Cayey in a game of two town teams, 2,000 fans showed up at 9:45 p.m. at the modern ball park in Guaynabo. Guaynabo's uniforms were blue and white. Cayey wore faded red. Guaynabo was leading by two runs when a cloudburst struck. The home team's ground crew moved so slowly that the field was drenched. The fans chattered and applauded and sipped beer. The Cayey manager announced that he was protesting the game "because of Guaynabo's lazy ground crew." The fans hooted and laughed, and everyone went home.

Near the bull park in Las Piedras, on the narrow road that twists toward Humacao Beach, a young man was playing pepper with his son. Their names were Jose Soto, junior and senior, and after Mayoral introduced us, Mr. Soto said, "Vic Power tells me my child's swing is so good I should not touch it."

"¿Tu eres de Nueva York?" the small

boy asked me. Was I from New York?

"Yes."

"Had I seen the Yankees?" Would I watch him?

The father chattered like a salesman, and Jose Soto Jr., who is seven, swung wildly, then missed six ground balls out of eight.

"He moves well," I told the father.

"If you come back to Las Piedras," the senior Soto said, "understand you always will be welcome."

That night I attended a Bicentennial banquet at the Caribe Hilton sponsored by the Association of the U.S. Army. The room was thick with brass and brass, and the menu included such dishes as Yankee Pot Roast, Revere Cheese Pie and Liberty Tomato. The guest of honor was an astronaut and Marine officer named Jack Robert Louma, who piloted Skylab 28 and logged 1,427 hours in space.

Louma presented the governor of Puerto Rico with a photo of San Juan taken from an altitude of 270 miles. Then he made a curious speech. It was strange and beautiful in spite, Louma said, and one thing he had noticed was that you could not see the boundary lines between countries. Nevertheless, none of us should forget the constant peril of God-less, atheistic Communism. The military men, some of them Puerto Ricans but most of them continental Americans, cheered. "Our space technology benefits every single person on this island," Louma said. The band played Dixie. A hundred officers sprang to attention.

I don't think Jose Soto Jr. would have been able to make any more sense out of Louma's speech than I did. Puerto Rico is not poor compared to Haiti, but the median income is \$2,328 per person. In the barrios, the billions invested in space programs appear irrelevant.

Baseball came to Puerto Rico in 1900, introduced by occupying U.S. soldiers after the Spanish-American War. It is the single continental export almost every islander understands and watches and plays.

It would be hard to explain the federal budget to the Soto family, but our sense of baseball needs no explanation. For what that father and son were doing in a scruffy tropical backyard was the same thing that my son and I had done many months before on a blackened field, set among \$150,000 homes, in the casual prosperity of Westchester County. **END**

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**LINERS AND ONE-LINERS FLOW FROM THE
BAT AND MOUTH OF LYMAN BOSTOCK JR.**

With Rod Carew still within striking distance of a fifth consecutive batting championship and Tony Oliva getting a pinch hit now and again, wouldn't you know the Minnesota Twins would come up with a young hitter who strokes line drives just like Carew and Oliva and who talks even better with his mouth than with his bat.

The heir apparent is Lyman Bostock, 25, a product of the talent-rich area around Birmingham, Ala. and the son of a fine Negro League first baseman. In 1972, he led Cal State-Northridge to the College Division World Series. But the Twins thought so little of him they picked him in the 26th round (he was the 596th player chosen) of the free agent draft. But after Bostock hit .294, .313 and .333 in the minors, Minnesota began to suspect it had another potential batting champion; between them Carew and Oliva have won eight of the last 12 American League titles.

However, as a rookie last year, Bostock crashed into the center-field wall after making an extraordinary catch against Oakland and broke his right ankle. The injury took some leg bats away from him and he ended up batting .282 in 98 games. This season Bostock got a quick start with a ninth-inning home run off Catfish Hunter on April 18 that tied a game with the Yankees and enabled the Twins to win. By May Bostock moved into the top 10 in batting and on July 24 he hit for the cycle against the White Sox, adding a sacrifice fly and a walk to his single, double, triple and homer in a 17-2 Twins romp. His average soared as high as .350—only four points behind the then league leader, George Brett—before a recent 16-for-31 slump dropped him to .314 and sixth place. But Bostock is

the only player from the 1972 draft who remains on the Minnesota roster, and with customary aplomb he sees the slump as only a temporary setback.

"This guy hits .300," says Catcher Butch Wynegar, one of Bostock's batting-cage buddies, "but he talks 1.000." Bostock likes that kind of needling. Before every game he chants Coach Don McMahon for being "the worst batting-practice pitcher in history. Move that screen and I'll murder you," he screams in mock rage. "Here comes one right back at you."

The 6' 1", 170-pound Bostock seldom generates an extra-base hit—he has just three home runs this year, three more than his 1975 total. But the Twins put a lot of men on base, and Bostock has managed to drive in 39 runs, mostly with singles from the leadoff position in the batting order. Last Friday night, for example, he bunted a run-scoring hit in the third inning against Detroit and cracked a two-run single in the ninth that tied an 8-5 Twins victory.

Bostock's penchant for hitting the ball up the middle threatened to get the best of him in a recent game against Baltimore. In his first two at bats against the Orioles he was thrown out by Shortstop Mark Belanger on bounding balls hit toward center field. Then he grounded into a fielder's choice near second base. His fourth at bat produced a wicked liner that Belanger intercepted on its way to left center.

"Dumb hitter, me. Smart fielder, Belanger. That's my reaction," said Bostock. "Except, what am I supposed to do? Carew says go to left field more. So I try it. There aren't any hits over there either. Oliva says to pull the ball since they're jamming the middle on me. I've just got to bust the bubble, that's all. Know what I did the last time up against Baltimore? Singled to center."

Twins Manager Gene Mauch is a fan of his young batting star. "In all my years in the big leagues I can't remember anyone who wanted to be a complete player more than Lyman Bostock. He has the talent—as much as Pete Rose has—and he is bound and determined to be the best ballplayer there is."

Though his father abandoned the family when Bostock was only seven, the youngster read his dad's press clippings and vowed he would be just as good one

day. Reunited at a Twins old timers game this year, he gave the following scouting report on 58-year-old Lyman Bostock Sr.: "You know, he can still play. He picked a throw out of the dirt at first and even got himself a base hit ... to center field, naturally."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 15-21)

AL EAST "Every time I catch we draw 50,000 people" is how Bruce Kimm explains the record-breaking crowds in Detroit (3-4). Of course, Kimm cannot keep a straight face since he seldom plays unless the man everybody really comes to see, rookie sensation Mark Fidrych, is on the mound. Their partnership began in the minor leagues and last week Kimm repaid Fidrych for some of that reflected glory by socking his first major league home run. There were 51,822 screaming fans in Tiger Stadium at the time and Kimm's homer helped The Bird win his 14th game of the season. The last rookie to win 20 was Bob Grim of the Yankees in 1954.

A barrage of 10 homers in six games gave New York (3-3) the league lead of 95 in that department. Oscar Gamble had three, Graig Nettles and Roy White two apiece and Shortstop Fred Stanley unloaded his first round-tripper since Sept. 8, 1973.

The Red Sox (4-4) staggered home from a



LEFT-HANDED LYMAN HITS 'EM UP THE MIDDLE

road-trip closer to last place than first and Outfielder Jim Rice's performance showed what a difference a year can make. Rice stranded eight runners in one game and went 11 games without an RBI. Back home in Fenway Park, Boston took a 2-1 thriller from Oakland in the ninth when Bruce Hobson drove in the winning run with a sacrifice fly. Luis Tiant outduelled Mike Torrez and Rollie Fingers to earn his 14th victory and Manager Don Zimmer said, "If we hadn't won that one, we probably never would have won another."

Baltimore had only a so-so week (4-3) although it was usually well ahead after three innings. Leading Chicago 6-2 after three in one game, the Orioles finished with 10 runs and 22 hits and still lost, 11-10.

Utility Infielder Jack Heidemann and Centerfielder Gorman Thomas, both hitting in the low 200s, won games for Milwaukee (4-3). Heidemann with a two-run single against the A's and Thomas with a three-run homer against Kansas City.

A wave of nostalgia must have swept over ex-slugger Boog Powell of Cleveland (4-4), who socked his fifth home run in the last 11 games, giving him seven for the year.

NY 72-47 BAL 62-57 CLEV 59-62
DET 58-63 BOST 57-63 MIL 53-64

other who brought a piano to the park. Vecek gave away 5,000 kazoos and Henry Mazur of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra directed the fans in a spirited rendition of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Vecek immediately submitted the attendance figure—10,636—to the Guinness Book of World Records as the world's largest band.

Minnesota's relief ace Bill Campbell finished all five of the Twins' victories and now has 16 saves to go with his 12-3 record. Minnesota (5-3) announced that it may play some exhibition games in New Orleans next year. Considering that the Twins have played 30-19 ball during the day this year as opposed to a 31-43 mark at night, perhaps they should work out an arrangement with the Chicago Cubs and Wrigley Field.

Bert Blyleven stopped a six-game losing streak for Texas (2-6) with a three-hit shutout of Cleveland, and Gaylord Perry beat his old mates the next day with a seven-hitter.

That strange whizzing sound heard last week over Detroit was no UFO. It was Nolan Ryan's fastball, which he used to strike out 17 Tigers during an 11-inning 5-4 victory for California (3-3). Afterward, Ryan said his arm, operated on last September, was finally sound. "There is no pain whatsoever and the velocity is as good as ever." No Tiger batter has called up Ryan to disagree.

KC 74-47 OAK 65-57 MIN 61-62
TEX 58-64 CH 53-68 CAL 53-70

NL WEST The Dodgers (6-0) are trying to create a race where there doesn't appear to be one. Three come-from-behind victories over the Mets and some superb pitching by Don Sutton, who had a perfect game against Pittsburgh for 7½ innings, increased Los Angeles' winning streak to six and gave Cincinnati something to think about.

The Reds (3-4) won two one-run games and lost four others as Pete Rose bunted his way out of a 1-for-31 slump for his 2,700th major league hit.

San Diego (2-3) took third place even though Randy Jones failed to win his 20th game and saw his record "sag" to 19-8.

"A lot of people have asked why the Astros won and lost in streaks this year," said Houston Manager Bill Virdon after a 2-5 week in which he was rehired for next year. "Our winning streaks have been mainly against second-line teams, the losing ones against the division leaders." As if to disprove Virdon, rookie Pitcher Dan Larson went out and beat the Phillies 8-3, getting three hits himself and knocking in four runs.

Carl Morton won twice to keep Atlanta (4-3) comfortably ahead of the Giants (4-2). Bobby Murcer was San Francisco's hottest hitter. He had nine RBIs and stroked three

home runs, one of which was the first home run off Montreal Reliever Dale Murray in 24½ innings over a three-year period.

CH 79-45 LA 68-54 SD 60-65
HOUS 60-66 ATL 57-67 SF 54-71

NL EAST The Phillies (4-2) began to reap the first real rewards of their stunning season in a 7-1 victory over Houston. Steve Carlton, the 1972 Cy Young Award winner, improved his record to 15-4, last season the 6'4" lefty was 15-14. Third Baseman Mike Schmidt nipped his 32nd home run to tie the Mets' Dave Kingman for the major league lead. Jay Johnstone (see box) took over the National League lead in hitting, and Philadelphia has now drawn 2,009,930, the most in the history of the franchise.

Another tall leftlander is making waves in the East. Six foot, seven inch John Castellan of Pittsburgh (4-3) shut out the Giants 1-0 to run his record to 12-4 and his undefeated streak to eight games.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JAY JOHNSTONE: The Philadelphia outfielder had a pair of four-hit games, 11 RBIs and is hitting .348. Plateaued at times, he probably will not come to the plate often enough to qualify for the batting title.

Montreal (5-0) lost its seventh straight game and looked worse than that. Particularly Outfielder Warren Cromartie, whose accomplishments included misplaying a line drive that started a five-run Philie rally, rounding third base after a teammate's base hit, slipping and being tagged out and swinging at an intentional-walk pitch and flying out.

Lou Brock of St. Louis (3-3) is hot on the trail of Ty Cobb's all-time stolen-base record. He swiped five in two games to give him 43 for the year, only one behind league leader Frank Taveras and 40 short of Cobb. The Brock family also produced a piece of history for which there are no records: Lou binged out five hits against San Diego on the same night that cousin Dale Brock had five hits for the Cards' farm team in Johnson City, Tenn.

Chicago (2-3) Patcher Ray Burris' six-game winning streak and Bill Madlock's 17-game hitting streak were stopped in the same game by the Reds.

Jerry Koosman, now 16-7, was responsible for both New York (2-3) victories, including an 11 strikeout, 1-0 shutout of Cincinnati. John Milner is the only Met to hit a home run in more than two weeks.

PHIL 79-41 PITT 66-95 NY 62-61
CH 56-66 STL 52-66 MONT 41-75

AL WEST The Oakland A's (2-4) lost control of their season as they let 9½ games behind Kansas City and saw their chances for a sixth consecutive division title all but disappear. The frustration even affected Designated Hitter Billy Williams, usually a mild-mannered slug, who flew off the handle at a pair of strike calls by Plate Umpire Bill Kunkel. When Williams was slow returning to the batter's box, Kunkel signaled Pitcher Danny Frawley to throw the ball and, in accordance with baseball rules, Kunkel then called Williams out on strikes. In the ensuing argument he tossed Williams out of a game for the first time in his 17-year career. Undaunted, A's Owner Charlie Finley proclaimed, "Put a big sign in the clubhouse that reads 'Kansas City Is Gonna Choke.'"

Sorry Charlie, but the Royals (5-2) look as unflappable as the other three division leaders. Pitchers Andy Hassler and Marty Pattin, whose combined records are 9-17, each won twice. Hassler's best effort was a two-hit shutout against Milwaukee, while Pattin needed only 70 pitches to dispose of Cleveland, 6-1. George Brett, a .341 hitter, found a new way to help his club with a game-winning, 10th-inning steal of home, against the Indians. Sard Brett, "People think I can't run because I wear my uniform funny."

Most of the excitement in Chicago's 4-4 week was put there by Owner Bill Vecek, whose half-price Musical Instrument Night attracted a fan with an 18-foot kazoo and in-

SOCCER IS GETTING A TOEHOLD



PELÉ'S DEBUT FOR THE COSMOS KICKED UP THE NASL RATINGS

On June 15, 1975, 10 million people, easily a record American TV audience for soccer, watched *The Return of Pelé*, a CBS telecast of the Brazilian star's debut with the New York Cosmos. During that game, the network lost live coverage of the Cosmos' first score on which Pelé had an assist—because it was running a commercial. Nine minutes later the 21,278 fans at New York's Downing Stadium saw Pelé head in a goal and tie the game at 2-2. At the same time, the millions of TV viewers were watching him take a penalty on an instant replay of earlier action.

The size of the audience that saw Pelé on TV that day indicated that CBS, which is having a second romance with soccer, may no longer be bothered by one of the troubles—an acute lack of interest—that beset its earlier fling with the sport. But the network's 0-for-2 record in covering scoring plays involving Pelé clearly showed that a second problem—how to televise the games well—remains to be solved. The crux of that problem is that there are no time-outs in soccer, so TV must sacrifice live action when it runs replays and commercials.

Despite this dilemma, CBS is broadcasting more soccer this summer. On June 6 the network kicked off its three-year agreement with the North American Soccer League by showing a Cosmos-Tampa Bay Rowdies game. Pelé's presence once more drew a large TV audience (3.3 million households), and this time

the network's rival, NBC, had live coverage of all the scoring plays. Although CBS gave up last week's crucial playoff between New York and Tampa Bay (June 22), it will conclude this season's coverage with a second telecast this Saturday of the NASL championship game in Seattle. Next year six TV games are planned; in 1978, CBS will show nine.

Someone should have suggested such a graduated timetable the last time soccer and CBS met. That was in 1967, when each week the network featured the now-defunct National Professional Soccer League. Neither the league nor the network was ready for the weekly show. By 1968 the sport was off the air, and a year later pro soccer was left with only five clubs.

Bill MacPhail, then head of CBS Sports, recalls some of the reasons soccer did a quick fade: "At that time the stadiums were empty, which made it tough for us to generate much excitement," he says. "The players had foreign names, their faces were unfamiliar, their backgrounds undistinguished."

Now the NASL standings are carried by newspapers, and photos of its international stars appear regularly on the sports pages. The league even has developed some quality U.S.-born players. Nonetheless, MacPhail wonders if the mid-'70s still aren't a bit premature for the resumption of televised soccer.

Ask NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam his opinion, and he says, "If you give soccer a little television exposure, it will be off and running." He has a 75-page booklet to back him up. For example, Exhibit III in the pamphlet shows that there now is a soccer franchise near 27,050,700 families, or 40-45% of those in the U.S. The pamphlet also asserts that amateur soccer has grown 1,000% in the last 10 years and that three million American kids will be playing the game by 1985.

Even if this prediction comes true, will those youngsters watch the sport on television? Not if soccer follows the pattern of ten-

nis. The networks have vastly increased their tennis coverage, but the boom on the courts has not resulted in healthy TV ratings.

Local television may be an answer. Seattle is one of seven NASL teams with its own local TV coverage. "I don't feel that national TV will make the league," says Sounders General Manager Jack Daley. "After we have more successful franchises and have put together our own local and regional TV packages, then the networks will build from that. The day of the networks creating a league is over."

The NASL is trying to build itself up by Americanizing the game. By 1985 the proposed 24-member league will allow only two foreign recruits per team. Toward that end the NASL is encouraging the playing of the sport on all levels. It is keenly aware that Americans will not flock to watch soccer until the U.S. fields a topflight national team. In 1974, 700,000 North Americans paid \$5 to \$20 each for closed-circuit seats to the World Cup final between West Germany and the Netherlands II; by the 1980s, American soccer has produced a squad capable of competing for the Cup, the number of home viewers for that event would surely jump into the millions. It is reasonable to expect that many of those same fans would then watch telecasts of NASL games, which would feature players from the American World Cup team.

Even if this scenario does not work out quite the way the NASL hopes, there is little question that soccer is growing and will receive increasing TV coverage. Here the challenge is finding directors who do not depend on luck in trying to broadcast the games adequately. Despite Americans' love of instant replays, they may have to be used more sparingly than in other sports, and knowledgeable directors probably can avoid many of those cases in which a commercial would cause viewers to miss a live goal. But regardless of how adept television is, there is no question that soccer is not ideally suited for America's system of privately sponsored TV. (In most European countries, where televised soccer is a hit, stations are state-owned and there are no commercials.) In the long run, that may not turn out to be an overwhelming problem. After all, not long ago a good argument could be made that soccer was not at all suited for the tastes of American fans.

END

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UNKNOWN LARRY LISCIOTTI CHALKED UP A TOURNEY FUNDED BY HIS OPPONENTS

Money out of their own pockets

It was certainly a confounding time for the world's best pool shooters. Here are a bunch of men who usually cannot win enough prize money to cover the price of a new cue stick, and suddenly two weeks ago they had a choice of two tournaments worth a total of \$75,000. The Billiard Congress of America held one, its annual U.S. Open Pocket Billiards Championships. The other tournament, called the World Open Pocket Billiard Championship, was hosted by a group of maverick players who, dissatisfied with the BCA's piddling \$25,000 pot, had founded the Professional Pool Players Association.

Predictably, this led to all sorts of confusion. The BCA said it had been obliged to cut its prize money from the \$50,000 awarded in previous years because the players were milking the organization dry. The players said they are poor because the BCA is cheap. The BCA advertised that it had the best shooters for its championships in Chicago. The PPPA said the BCA field was comprised of shortstops (also known as pigeons). Each faction promised to have the Japanese champ at its tournament; the BCA got him. Each side called its winner the world champion. The PPPA had the clear edge there. Considering all this, it was fitting that the better of the two tournaments, the PPPA's, ended when a mysterious young hustler kept the king of straight pool, Steve Mizerak, and a goodly crowd up until five in the morning while he pulled off a stunning upset.

For years pro pool players have griped about the BCA. Its tournaments have been few and its payoffs small, at least when compared with those of pro bowling, to say nothing of golf and tennis. Not one player could say he made his living shooting tournament pool. So when the BCA announced that it was cutting the prize money for the Open, 32 players put up \$300 apiece and agreed to stage a championship of their own in Asbury Park, N.J. "We were at the bottom of the pit," says Pete Margo, a Staten Island, N.Y. pro who founded the PPPA with Mizerak, Ray Martin of Fairlawn, N.J., Allen Hopkins of Cranford, N.J., and Ernie Costa of Brooklyn. "The BCA threw us crumbs, and we took them too long."

The PPPA quickly won the support of most of the other top players. The BCA lined up defending champ Dallas West, 1974 int'l Joe Baiso and a host of unknowns for its affair. The PPPA tournament had seven-time world champ Deacon Crane, four-time Open winner Luther Lassner, Mizerak, Jim Rempe, Rich Florence, Earl Herring and, supposedly, George Plimpton. It also offered a purse of \$50,000, in part because the PPPA founders kicked in \$14,100 of their own money.

The old Jersey resort Asbury Park was a logical site for the PPPA event. It is seedy enough to fit pool's image and it is located on the East Coast, where most of the best shooters live. To promote the

event, Margo hired Bruce Christopher, a 29-year-old ex-murder (or so he says) who heretofore had publicized nothing but himself. He wrote an autobiography called *Godplayer*, which tells of dubious \$2 million hustling successes in far-away lands.

Margo first saw Christopher one afternoon on *To Tell the Truth*, but thought little of his veracity after Christopher introduced himself as the world's greatest hustler. "Is that so?" Margo said to the television set, and set out to get a closer look at the self-proclaimed champion. When the two met, it quickly became clear that Christopher shoots pool about as well as Garry Moore.

On opening night of the PPPA tournament, Hurricane Belle whapped northward along the Atlantic, 30 miles east of Asbury Park, depositing a foot of water in the entrance of Convention Hall. Only about 150 people trickled through the gate. The Herb Lehman-Pete Fusco match was delayed when the wind shattered a glass door, blew nine balls across the table and pinned them to a cushion. Plimpton phoned and excused himself, saying his wife was suddenly going to have a baby. Crane lost to Mike Sea, an elementary school gym teacher from North Brunswick, N.J., playing in only his second straight-pool tournament. Upstairs, the scoreboard had mysteriously disappeared. Downstairs, a security guard mistook Margo for a spectator and briefly kept him from entering the playing area.

But just when a complete fiasco seemed imminent, Mizerak played safe to begin his opening-round match against Rusty Miller. The cue ball grazed the rack, loosening the two-ball, caromed off two cushions, then rolled the length of the table to within an inch of the rail. Miller overcut the two, missing a corner-pocket shot. Mizerak chalked his cue and cleaned off the table. He pecked away at rack No. 2. Then, three and four, Mizerak ran out in 38 minutes, whipping Miller 150-0, a feat Christopher boldly likened to "swimming the English Channel under water." It was the first perfect game in an Open since 1966.

In straight-pool circles, Mizerak is the man to beat. He is a pouty 31-year-old junior high school history teacher from Perth Amboy, N.J., whose subdued manner belies his competitiveness. As a

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SI 8/30/8

kid, he haunted the poolroom his father ran, apring the bridges and strokes of his dad's most skilled customers. Among them was Willie Mosconi, the world champ in 1955 when he first advised young Mizerak to stick with pool. "I dreamed that someday people would talk about me like they talked about Mosconi," Mizerak says. "I'm getting there slowly, but I'm not there yet."

But straight pool changed in the late 1940s when table specifications were shortened from 5' x 10' to 4½' x 9' and the balls were made livelier. Hundred-ball runs suddenly became common, making it all but impossible for one man to dominate the game. Yet beginning in 1970, Mizerak won four consecutive BCA pocket billiard titles; even Mosconi had never done that. It was while winning his second championship that Mizerak began to believe in himself. He trailed Balas 95-2, then ran 97 balls. Balas pocketed 23 and missed. Mizerak ran out the game. At dinner that night, Linda Mizerak gushed over her husband's accomplishment. She called him the world's sharpest shooter. Until then, Mizerak had always disregarded her boasts. That night he turned to her and grinned.

Linda still marvels at Steve's ability, since he rarely practices. The Mizeraks do not have a table in their three-bedroom house, and even though Mizerak owns the Four Seasons Billiard Lounge in Metuchen, N.J., he spends little time there. "When we dated I didn't think he was much of a player, because we were always together and he never shot," Linda says. "I honestly thought I was marrying a schoolteacher." Says Steve, "I love to play when I have to and hate to play when I don't."

Unlike most outstanding players, Mizerak is not flamboyant, eccentric or a hustler. In fact, he almost never shoots pool's traditional betting game, nine-ball, and he resists offers to make walking-around money, as many of the top shooters do, by giving trick-shot exhibitions. Mizerak, a purist, hates to do tricks.

But like most good players, Mizerak plays offensive pool. To win, you must be at the table. "I attack inside out," he says. "I concentrate on the balls left in the rack area after the break. Then I go after the ones on the other end of the table. The rest is simply cleaning up and leaving myself a break shot."

Following his shutout of Miller, Mizerak rolled over Mike Sigel of Rochester

150-82 and Jimmy Fusco of Philadelphia 150-39. Meanwhile, the gate picked up, and Rudolph Walter Wanderone of Dowell, Ill., a/k/a Minnesota Fats, rubber-stamped his autograph on fans' dollar bills. A small boy asked him why he wasn't playing. "Fifty grand is matchsticks," said Fats, who despite his reputation is not a championship caliber player. "You're looking at a guy who owns five Cadillacs and buys a new one every time a bird flies by."

On his way to the finals of the double-elimination tournament, Mizerak used runs of 57 and 77 to whip a newcomer named Larry Liscioiti. On his last inning, Liscioiti bagged 66 straight. "What'd I miss? Twice?" he grumbled after the game. "If I can make the game go eight innings, I think I can beat him."

Excluding his triumph in the World Nine-Ball Championships last April and a solid fifth-place finish in last year's BCA Open, Liscioiti had won nothing but a pile of money hustling on the road. The players had no book on him, except that he was a bridesmaid in straight pool. He is 29, slender-waisted and wide across the shoulders. He wears open shirts and a hairstyle that makes him look like a tourist from Paris. At 16 Liscioiti ran out of pignons in his hometown of Old Saybrook, Conn., so he started to travel around the country, rooting out games and circling tables far into the night. He joined the pro tour in 1974. "My face got burned into people's memories," he says. "I couldn't line up any opponents to hustle anymore."

Mizerak and Rempe, a two-time World Nine-Ball champ, were still undefeated when the finals rolled around; Liscioiti was the survivor from the losers' bracket. By this time it was clear the real Open champion would be the winner at Asbury Park. Tom Jennings of Elizabeth, N.J., already had won the BCA tournament, which made the PPPA players laugh. "A shortstop," Margo said. "There are nine guys in Jersey alone who can eat him up."

Mizerak began the finals by beating Rempe 150-104, but the game lasted 15 long innings. Then he squared off against Liscioiti at 12:50 a.m. At 12:51 Mizerak scratched into a side pocket while making an easy nine-ball in the corner. Needing two wins in a row, Liscioiti pumped in 59 points. His stroke was rapid and smooth, his confidence was growing with each shot. "Here's what we live for," said

Margo. "Where Larry is now is the Land of Dead Stroke. He's not going to miss, Mizerak knows it."

As Mizerak studied his next lie, he started to whistle. Friends say that when Mizerak whistles he knows he is in trouble. Sure enough, his best run was only 22 balls. Liscioiti piled on another 69 to win in a breeze. Now each player had a loss.

As they readied to play the final game, spectators scurried around laying bets. The odds were even, Mizerak had never been beaten back-to-back in championship straight pool, but Liscioiti was playing his absolute best. The game began at 2:30 a.m. Liscioiti won the lag. Mizerak broke. Following an exchange of safeties, Liscioiti spotted a dead two-ball in the rack and blasted it home. Five more balls and Liscioiti left himself with a bank shot that he missed. Mizerak approached a wide-open table. He realized that he needed to lay a truckload on Liscioiti to upset the tempo. Quickly he polished off the rack and spun triumphantly on his heels toward the powder can. On the ensuing break, Mizerak buried the cue ball deep in the rack, ending his run at eight. With both players working cautiously—and Liscioiti lengthening the game well past those eight innings he felt he needed—there was a virtual stalemate until 3:45 a.m. At that point, Mizerak had the table, but he trailed 85-73 and was getting tired. He called the one-ball in the side. It glanced off one lip of the pocket, hit the other and hung on the table. After Liscioiti piled on 48 points, Mizerak washed his hands. Liscioiti needed only 17 more balls, and he calmly drilled them in.

Reporters surrounded the new champion. No, \$12,500 wasn't his biggest score; he had taken \$15,000 out of Carbondale, Ill., one night last summer. Linda Mizerak raced toward her husband. He slung an arm over her shoulder. "I'm exasperated," he whispered. "My stick feels like a 50-pound ball."

About 400 fans still were in their seats at the end. Twelve hundred had attended the final, adding \$5,000 to the gate and bringing the PPPA purse money to within \$3,000 of its advertised \$50,000. Margo announced that the PPPA would sponsor another straight pool gig in Manhattan in January. The association had survived its tournament. As Mizerak and Liscioiti departed, the dawn was breaking.

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Running through a storm

ANTHONY DAVIS HAS TURNED CANADIAN FANS ON WITH HIS DAZZLING MOVES AND OUTFITS, BUT THE WAY THE ARGONAUTS ARE USING HIM HAS TURNED HIM OFF

It is the morning after his second Canadian Football League game and Anthony Davis, formerly of USC and the WFL and now a Toronto Argonaut, is utterly resplendent as he prepares to drive to practice. His salmon-colored three-piece suit is nicely set off by a pale blue shirt, dark blue tie and dark blue patent leather shoes. A dark blue handkerchief and a gold watch chain protrude from his breast pocket. On both of his little fingers Davis wears a large glittering ring, symbols of the two NCAA championship baseball teams he played on at USC. On his left ring finger he wears an even larger, more ornate ring, a memento of one of the two USC football teams he led to national championships. His other football ring is back home in Los Angeles. So are his three Doberman pinschers—Stinky, Sweetness and Scooby—and his collection of seven cars, including two Rolls-Royces and two 1941 Cadillac Fleetwoods. His Toronto car is a white Lincoln Continental Mark IV complete with telephone, bold gold GOOD LUCK ANTHONY DAVIS FROM GATEWAY MERCURY lettering on both doors and this morning's message finger-printed in the dust atop the car's retractable glass roof: YOUR CHERLEADERS LOVE YOU. Davis smiles smugly, acknowledging this declaration of affection.

Anthony Davis is the controversial new superstar of Canadian football, on and off the field. So controversial, in fact, that after only two games he has found

himself enmeshed in a name-calling war in which his Los Angeles-based agent, Mike Trope, has demanded the immediate dismissal of Toronto Coach Russ Jackson for alleged misuse of his client's talents. "When we signed with Toronto, the Argonauts told us that Anthony Davis would be the Q.J. Simpson of Canada," Trope said in a magazine article published last week. "Now they're keeping a guy with A.D.'s talents buried."

Buried? Last Wednesday night Davis rushed for 78 yards in 11 carries, including a 48-yard touchdown sprint; caught four passes; returned two kickoffs for 42 yards; ran back a punt; and even attempted an option-play pass as the Argonauts defeated the Hamilton Tiger-Cats 14-11 before 49,724 in Toronto. One week earlier Davis, who had to sit out Toronto's first three games because of three cracked bones in the small of his back, lured a league-record crowd of 50,212 to his CFL debut, then captivated his audience by carrying 11 times for 77 yards and one touchdown; catching a 10-yard touchdown pass; returning two kickoffs for 52 yards; and galloping 69 yards with a pass on a swing play that was called back because of a holding penalty.

Rhapsodized one Toronto journalist after Davis' effort: "Long after the outcome of last night's football game here is forgotten—it was just another Argo defeat, after all—it will be recalled as the beginning of the Anthony Davis era in Canadian sport. Those among the 50,212

spectators who generate grandchildren will be telling them, half a century from now, about the memorable evening . . . when A.D. played his first official Canadian Football League match."

While Davis' statistics may indeed be impressive



DAVIS MAY HAVE SET HIS SIGHTS ON THE NFL

impressive, Trope argues that they are hardly memorable when compared with other performances in the career of the man who broke O.J.'s USC rushing record, who once scored six touchdowns in a single game against Notre Dame and who rushed for 1,200 yards and scored 133 points in 12 WFL games before that league folded.

Trope says, "A.D. is not being used right in Toronto. He should carry the ball 18 to 25 times a game to be effective." Earlier, while watching a Toronto exhibition Trope had said, "Listen, I'm telling you, A.D. is very upset. A.D. says this Argo offense has only three or four basic plays. Can you believe it? They haven't got a sweep, something to get A.D. clear for a swing pass. They should fire Jackson, they should fire the coaching staff. They're incompetent. Here they have the greatest back in Canadian football and they don't know how to use him. There's more to this than just football. I have a marketing man setting up a pro-

gram for A.D. in Canada—endorsements and public appearances—and he has been running into trouble lately."

When Trope's comments were made public last week, they prompted an immediate response from Toronto television commentator Pat Marsden, who viewed Trope as strictly a mouthpiece for Davis. "If I was [Toronto Owner] Bill Hodgson," Marsden said on the air, "I'd inform Anthony Davis in no uncertain terms that a lot better ballplayers than himself have come down the pike and gone back up it, too, because they couldn't keep their mouth shut and their mind on their job."

Davis fumed when he heard about Marsden's comments. "That's outrageous," he said publicly. "Sickening. I just want to win. I'm here to play, and if the man wants me to run 11 times, then O.K." Privately, though, Davis told an associate that the situation in Toronto was discouraging.

Davis signed a five-year \$1 million

contract, including a \$150,000 bonus—his second in six months—with the Argonauts last season shortly after the collapse of the WFL. After completing his USC career, Davis was drafted by the NFL's New York Jets but signed, instead, with the WFL's Southern California Sun, pocketing the first \$150,000 bonus and, as it turned out, \$70,000 in salary for four months' work. Trope offered Davis' services to the NFL again, but the notoriously penurious Jets once more declined to meet his financial demands. In fact, the Jets placed Davis' name on its list of players available to the Seattle and Tampa Bay expansion teams, and John McKay, remembering what Davis had done for him at USC, promptly drafted him for Tampa.

While Davis' contract is immense by CFL dollar standards—the average Canadian salary is only \$22,300—he has already proved to be a financial bargain for the Toronto franchise. The Argonauts finished in last place the past two sea-

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soms, and they desperately needed an instant box-office attraction to help pay the rent at the Canadian National Exhibition Stadium, which had been expanded and modernized for the arrival of an American League baseball franchise next spring. With Davis in the fold, Toronto's season-ticket sales increased almost 6,000, and in his first two games at Toronto, he brought almost 100,000 people through the turnstiles.

However, the CFL has been something of a cultural shock for Davis. Although the Canadian game, which is played on a field 12 yards wider than American gridirons, is wide open offensively and thus tailored to his abilities, Davis has discovered that the caliber of play is below what he experienced in the WFL. The CFL dictates that a minimum of 17 players on every 32-man roster must be Canadians, and, well, Canadians play football about as well as Americans play hockey. Besides, there is a minor league aura to the CFL. Coaching staffs consist

of no more than a handful of men; unlike the NFL, there are no strength coaches or movie projectionists on the payroll. Many of the teams even practice in late afternoon so their players can hold down full-time jobs. Davis is constantly reminded of the differences between the CFL and the NFL. Last week, for instance, a Canadian journalist, trying to offer Davis the ultimate in encomiums, wrote, "Some day Anthony Davis will be as good as Leo Lewis."

Prompting such praise have been moves like one Davis play in Toronto's victory over Hamilton. He received a pinch from Quarterback Matthew Reed, another former WFL player, then turned the corner and began dashing for the end zone. At the 15 it appeared that Davis would be stopped by a Tiger-Cat defensive back who had a good angle on him, but Davis cut inside, cut outside again to avoid another defender, and, as he did at USC, showboated after crossing the goal line, this time bowing to the crowd.

Unfortunately, Davis went into eclipse after that touchdown, and for the rest of the game he spent most of his time going in motion or jogging downfield as a decoy. "From Anthony's standpoint, I don't think the coaching can get worse," Trope said after the game. "If you polled football fans, I think they'd agree. If you polled the Toronto front office, I think even they'd agree." Indeed, although Toronto is off to its best start since 1973, there are rumors that Jackson, a former All-Canadian League quarterback who last year gave up a job as a high school principal to handle the Argonauts, might soon be fired, despite his rich five-year contract.

So, with the NFL, Tampa Bay, John McKay and, yes, another lucrative signing bonus obviously in mind, Trope notes, "A.D. has an option to get out of this Toronto contract after two years if we wish. If this situation continues, there's no way he will stay with the Argonauts."

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DICK SIDEROWF MIXES BUSINESS AND PLEASURE WITH SUCCESSFUL RESULTS

Few of the commuters driving home from work pay the Birchwood Country Club much heed as they cruise by on Kings Highway South in Westport, Conn. Fewer glance at the lone golfer on the practice range, the man wearing the white visor, white shirt and dark slacks. If they slowed down, they might notice his precise, rhythmic swing. Some might even be impressed. But no one would recognize the golfer as Dick Siderowf, a local resident who in June at St. Andrews won his second British Amateur championship in the last four years. Among celebrities, Siderowf ranks with losing vice-presidential candidates, astronauts and faded rock stars.



SIDEROWF WON TWO BRITISH AMATEUR TITLES

Suddenly a Volkswagen pulls to the side of the road. Siderowf finishes a swing and looks over expectantly, his hands and club frozen high in the air. The driver rolls down his window and looks at Siderowf. Pleased, thinking perhaps he has been recognized, Siderowf tees up another ball, smartly taps it into place with his club, waggles a bit and starts his backswing. When it reaches the top, the cry comes from the Volkswagen. "Fore," the man bellows as he pulls away in a spray of gravel. "Forrrre..."

Dick Siderowf is an amateur golfer. He is one of only 14 men who have won the British Amateur twice, having also captured the 1973 championship at Royal Porthcawl, and next week at the U.S. Amateur at the Bel-Air Country Club in Los Angeles he will try to join Bobby Jones and three others as the only players to win both major amateur championships the same year.

Now 39 years old and a vice-president of the brokerage firm of Blyth, Eastman, Dillon & Company, Siderowf plays the only game that offers status to its aging amateurs. Tennis does not, nor do baseball, basketball or football. Historically, our games are for the young, particularly those gifted enough to perform as professionals. So Siderowf is called a "veteran," meaning he is a businessman and a family man playing a game in which most of his rivals are young, thin and blond, with their shurtails hanging over a pair of jeans and their minds mulling over the riches of the pro tour.

For Siderowf, golf is lonely hours spent on the practice tee, racing the shadows of twilight. Golf is 18 holes on Saturday, then hurrying home to spend time with the family. Golf is feeling guilty for taking time off to play in a tournament, feeling chagrined for having to make business phone calls after playing nine holes. Golf is the \$1,500 it cost him to play in the British Amateur and the \$1,500 it probably will cost him to play in the U.S. Amateur.

To Siderowf, though, golf is like smoking: you quit cold turkey or keep puffing away. There is no happy middle ground. Miss a couple of days on the practice tee and suddenly the club feels strange in your hands. So Siderowf leaves his Bridgeport, Conn. office a few minutes early, hurries to Birchwood, pounds golf balls for 90 minutes and hopes everything will be all right.

Siderowf lives unnoticed in Westport, a community about 60 miles from Wall Street. His comfortable, well-appointed home reflects his success in the business world. Inside it is filled with golf memorabilia, including the large silver British Amateur trophy. Birchwood, where he has been a member for 15 years, is nearby, and he has a running feud with the greenkeeper of the nine-hole course about the patchy condition of the practice tee.

As a ranking, middle-aged golfer, Siderowf also makes unusual demands on his family. For instance, he had to play in a club tournament on Mother's Day this year but promised his wife Topsy he would be home in time to help entertain some guests. The tournament was delayed, and when Siderowf arrived home four hours late, most of the guests were leaving. Topsy understood. After all, on their honeymoon the Siderowfs went to the Hollywood (Fla.) International Four-Ball where Dick played golf and Topsy was the tournament queen.

Back in the early 1960s Siderowf was tempted to play the pro tour; in fact, he was a professional for three days before changing his mind and regaining his amateur status. He has never regretted that decision. "Kids today win their club championships, turn pro, get a sponsor and try the tour," says Siderowf. "Then they get to be 28, and they find out that playing the tour isn't such an easy deal after all. Probably the most difficult time for an amateur golfer is when he gets out of college and has to decide if he's going to play golf or go to work—or combine both. It's a bitter time for a young guy. If you can get your business going and then get back into golf, it's not bad."

"Dad's older than most of the pros," said 11-year-old Andrew Siderowf. Dick and Andrew had just played in a father-son tournament in nearby New Canaan, and now they were sitting at home with Topsy and 8-year-old Caroline. The family was planning a trip the next day to watch Dick play in the opening round of the Sammy Davis Jr.-Greater Hartford Open, a round in which he would shoot a two-under-par 69. But Andrew's comment was perceptive. Siderowf is older than most of the pros.

"I always felt I could do better in business," says Siderowf. "I felt I could build up something to do better every year, rather than play the tour where the av-

erage age is about 35. When a guy out there gets to be 40, he has to look to get into something else. In business, when you're 40 you're just starting to have your good years. When you think of a pro winning \$40,000 in one swoop, it looks pretty good, but a lot of guys do that on one business deal. And they do it for years and years."

In a way, golf goes with Siderowf's profession the way lemon goes with iced tea. It does not hurt to be introduced to a client as "the British Amateur champion," then play golf with the guy and drill a one-iron shot at the flagstick. That impresses people. The one-iron? They think, "How does he get it off the ground?" In fact, most of the top over-30 amateurs have professions where birdies can help close deals—players like lawyer and athlete's agent Vinny Giles, insurance man Bill Hyndman, auto dealer Ed Tutwiler, and furniture-hardware salesman Dale Morey. Still, they all would like you to believe there is no relationship between business and pleasure. "It's pretty hard to mix golf with business," protests Siderowf. "People think you go out and play golf with a client, and the guy buys 10,000 shares the next day. But it doesn't work that way. During the summer I'm in the office early, and I always put in 10-hour days in the winter."

Siderowf no doubt would be more of a celebrity if he needed down-range tracking on his tee shots or his putter were a deadly weapon. His game is not spectacular, just solid through the bag, and because Siderowf is an admirer of the unpretentious Ben Hogan, his raiment is as unspectacular as Ben's. Even his golf gloves are black. "Whenever I buy a new suit," he says, "Topsy accuses me of keeping the same old one; all my suits are either dark blue or gray. Once I went to my barber and asked him to give me the contemporary look. Well, he used one of those blowers and fluffed my hair all up, but it looked terrible and we both knew it."

"We decided the wet look was better for him," Topsy says.

So, wet head and plain, Siderowf will be playing in his 17th U.S. Amateur next week—and still seeking his first championship. And he will be one of the few contestants for whom the tournament has special meaning. You see, he is an amateur, and always will be.

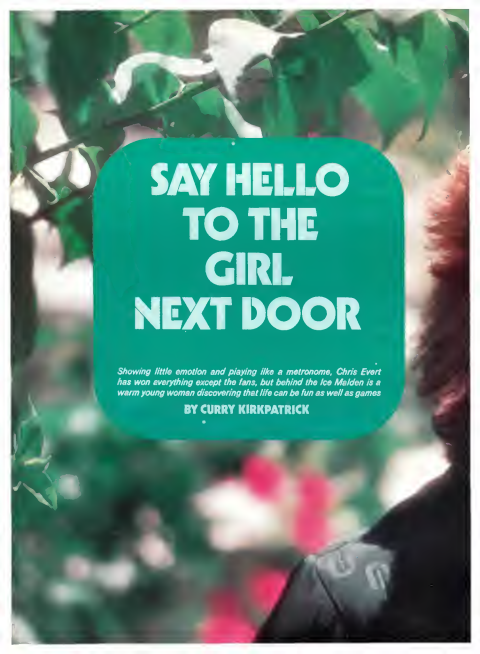
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SAY HELLO TO THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Showing little emotion and playing like a metronome, Chris Evert has won everything except the fans, but behind the Ice Maiden is a warm young woman discovering that life can be fun as well as games

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK



JOINT PHOTO



f Chris Evert, the sweet little rich girl, a critic once said that the only time Jimmy Connors showed any class was when he dumped her in favor of a movie actress. This was a fairly grotesque thing to say, yet it was almost complimentary compared to the abuse the reigning woman tennis player has been subjected to on her way to stardom and an avowed destination of marriage, family and a white picket fence all around.

For someone who grew up down the block from practically all of us—if Chris Evert is not the essential girl next door, you must have lived by a vacant lot—the divine Ms. E. has been vilified throughout much of the America she so innocently has come to represent. Why this is so is not entirely clear.

As a spokeswoman for trendy female consciousness, stirring things up while she was rejuvenating distaff jockdom practically by herself, Belle Jean King was often reviled. But B.J. luxuriated in controversy. She was rough, tough, full of brambles—both a pain in the neck and a remarkable woman.

On the opposite side of the court, there is hardly anything remarkable about Chris Evert, aside from her exquisite tennis. She is soft, simple, periwinkles and heather, a composite of Sandra Dee, the Carpenters and, yes, apple pie. As she goes about the tasks of growing up, making a liv-

ing and trying to deal with the perils of romance all at the same time in front of 60 million onlookers, she appears to be both a throwback to pinafare days and a bedemmed example of contemporary womanhood.

Only the cloying Rod McKuen could have invented Chris Evert. "Listen to the Clay" perhaps. Or "Fuzzy Was the Yellow Ball." Or something. And that's the rub, isn't it? She is just too nice, too sweet, too, well, perfect. There, Chris Evert is too perfect. It is as Kristen Kemmer Shaw, her best friend and fellow tournament player, once told Evert after getting to know her mother "Chris, I didn't like your mom at first," Kristen said. "I didn't believe anybody could be that nice and still be real."

One way or another, it must be understood that Chris Evert, a plainspoken girl from a simple tract home on a quiet street in Fort Lauderdale—this same lass who dates a President's son, charms talk shows, wears all those pastels and earns all that money—had spectacular timing. That she burst from a puff of smoke just as the game of tennis was shot from a cannon into the center ring may have been fortuitous. But whether she was more lucky than good doesn't matter anymore. She hits the doublehander, wins the tournament and doesn't smile much. If that is what arouses envy, even hatred, and turns everybody off, so be it. She is just Chris Evert and everybody else is not.

With all her victories and celebrity, her clothes and multiple images, she has always been just Chris to the teammates on the Virginia Slims circuit. Just Chris to Jeane Brinkman, the promotions director for the Slims. Just Chris to Valerie Ziegenfuss, a borderline player shuttling between the big time and the satellite "futures" tour. Just Chris to Johnny Carson. Just Chris to Jack Ford.

"She's at her best with the No. 1 crowd," says Ziegenfuss of Evert. "To be with the elite, the famous, the show biz people, that's a challenge to Chris. She funnels her energies into that. And she carries it off beautifully."

But does the coach turn into a pumpkin? Not long after her short, roller-coaster fling with young Ford, Evert won a tournament at Sarasota for which Jack Drury did the publicity and subsequently received a bouquet of flowers with a card signed "Keep it up, Jack." She went into a dither trying to figure out the sender was until Jeane Brinkman finally convinced her the gift was not from Jack, the publicist, but from Jack, the White House kid.

Similarly revealing of Evert's occasional fairy-tale-like existence was her reaction during a private dinner at Manhattan's cushy "21" club, which she attended with another Ford, Eileen of the modeling agency. Everything was sophisticated and just so until Chris started whispering to Kristen Shaw that didn't look now, but over there is the star of a noontime TV soap opera.

"I bet Chris can name half the models in Vogue and most of the soap stars," says Shaw. "She is quite taken with fashion people and actresses and the entertainment life. But if she ever stopped to think how much more famous she is than all of those people, she might faint."

Chris Evert keeps saying she's merely a normal 21-year-

A skinny 16, two-titled Chrissie stunned Forest Hills by reaching semi-



old who happens to play tennis well. "I'm not glamorous. I'm not beautiful. I don't want to be on any plateau higher than anybody else," she says. "I don't want the younger girls to be in awe of me. I talk to them about their matches, congratulate them on key victories. I ask them to practice and hit with me. Not many of the older players came over and asked me to practice when I first came up. I think that's important."

Such efforts have made Evert far more popular among her peers—Sue Barker, the young Briton, calls her "a bit of a god"—than with the public in general. Evert got the reputation of being a cold, heartless stroking machine at her first Forest Hills in 1971 when, as a skinny 16-year-old out of St. Thomas Aquinas High School, she kept coming from behind to beat everybody in sight until she was stopped in the semifinals by King. Back then, the crowds were so enamored of this cool, sparkling teen-ager that they cheered opponents' errors and hurled beer cans around the concrete stands.

Following the most perilous victory of that U.S. Open, in which she survived six match points to defeat Mary Ann Eisel, Evert revealed an almost mystical self-awareness. "The match points?" she said. "On the match points I was thinking how I would look during the handshake at the net. Would I be cute? Sad? Tired? Then when the ball came up, it looked so big, just like a huge balloon."

Billie Jean urged Chris to enjoy the adulation and support while she could; it would never be the same. Billie Jean was right.

Monikers such as "ice princess" and "metronome kid" were to dog Evert's trail in the ensuing years, mostly compliments of the British press. ("What's a metronome?" Chris wanted to know in London.) Slowly, the crowds began to turn from her, engendered by her calm, impassive manner and repetitious baseline game, the appellations stuck, and they booted Evert. Often she mentions her desire to add adventure to her game, to try some passion, maybe even a new style.

Having been dragged through the publicity mills at such a tender age, perhaps Evert's only chance for survival in those days was to close herself off, withdraw behind a poker face and turn into a wooden puppet. She also developed a misanthropy. After losing to Evonne Goolagong in their first clavac meeting at Wimbledon in 1972, Chris came into the locker room, threw her rackets to the floor and said bitterly, "Now I hope they're happy."

Evert's distrust of—even disgust with—the fans during her many matches with Goolagong has not subsided. "I've tried to understand the public sentiment for the underdog," Chris says, "and I don't take it personally anymore. I root for all the best teams, all the favorites, in baseball and football now because I know what it feels like to be one. I am

continued



Star-gazing in Fort Lauderdale: athletic youths observe Chris on home court the way baseball players used to study Ted Williams during batting practice

tired of beating Evonne and getting polite applause while she gets the standing ovations. If I played her in Fort Lauderdale, I think the crowd would still be for her. The only time I get standing ovations is when I lose."

"Don't say that," her father reprimands.

"I'm telling the truth," Chris snaps back.

It is important to keep in mind that Chris Evert has never suffered an image she wasn't in a way responsible for. Julie Heldman, for years a high-ranked player, says that as a young girl Evert seemed to have an inability to talk to people, a basic shyness and lack of confidence. But at the same time there was an unusual awareness of self that almost defied description. "She was not so much dull and boring as withdrawn," says Heldman. "Not so much withdrawn as separate. As a teen-age athlete, it is very difficult to achieve a balance between what I call sexual humanism and athleticism. The way she developed on the court was to consider all possibilities, wipe out the risks and only play the sure things. This philosophy dominated her life. Coming from the most conservative of families, Chris never gambled; she never took chances."

This attitude extended to the delicate process of making friends—always a two-way street. Except for Kristjen Shaw, a few strays like Floridian Wendy Overton, and her girlhood pal Laurie Fleming, Evert refused to make headway in that direction. Tennis-dress designer Ted Timling has compared the Slims circuit to "a pride of lions, where if one leaves to relieve oneself in the bushes, one has to be sniffling out, cleansed and approved all over again." It took Evert a long time to be accepted.

Still, independence was not without rewards. Women on the tour speak of several ways to win, by aggression, intimidation, quiet consistency, even some sneaky tricks here and there. Evert's way was to become, in the words of another prominent tour player, Lesley Hunt, "a myth. Chris fascinated me because she stayed unknown. She never cried,

never cracked. Whether she was or not, she made everybody think she was so cold. That in itself was intimidating. It was like playing against a blank wall. In our matches I used to watch for the slightest sign of emotion as a hint of nervousness. Even a raised eyebrow would be a terrific breakthrough."

Fellow pro Rosie Casals says, "It was drummed into Chris how to react on match point. And that was, naturally, not to react at all. It carried over. For a long time she loved her life as one long match point."

In the context of this heavy matter, Evert was asked what there was about tennis that held her so. What was the attraction? The art, the grace, the flow of the game, the concentration? Just what? She did not hesitate. "The winning," Chris Evert said. "I always liked the winning."

Collette Evert, the mother, says she is tired of the press describing her house as a "modest bungalow." She reasons that any place with five bedrooms deserves more credit. The Evert residence in Fort Lauderdale is just a few blocks from Holiday Park. Jimmy Evert, the father, has run the pro shop and offered tennis lessons at Holiday Park for 28 years. It is the only job he has ever had. Last year Chris finally persuaded her father to raise his fee for hourly lessons. The price skyrocketed from \$6 to \$10.

The Evert neighborhood is populated mostly with older folks, some of whom have no idea that such a famous person exists within range of a lawn hose. Recently, a lost stranger looking for her house had to stop at three different front porches before finding anyone who had heard of Chris Evert.

The family has contemplated moving several times. Collette still slips away to price the homes in the more exclusive Coral Ridge section of town. But, having weighed the offers of resort hotels and spectacular condominiums and whole new countries presumably formed for their convenience, the Everts decided to stay put and add on to the old house—twice. Now Drew, the oldest of the children, has a bedroom back off the kitchen when he comes home from his studies at Auburn. Chris and her tournament-playing sister Jeanne, 18, share their own expansive suite upstairs.

How tough is it being Chris Evert's brothers and sisters? When Drew lost in the NCAA tournament last fall, somebody said he should give up tennis for the used-car business; he could sell all the cars his sister had won. A secure, normally subdued type, Drew exploded. He responded that he could beat his sisters anytime. "Not on clay," Chris said with a laugh.

John, 14, and even Clare, nine, undergo other forms of harassment from time to time. At John's high school matches, spectators sometimes shout, "Hey Chrissie, hit some double faults, Chrissie," and jealous playmates have been known to insinuate that little Clare "acts big" just because her sister makes all the magazine covers. However, none of them has to endure quite the same identity crises that Jeanne does.

The brighter of the two older girls, the personable, out-

continued



Jimmy Evert, 52 and hypertense, no longer sees Chris play big matches

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going one, the more independent and, yes, even the better-looking, Jeanne at 14 also was considered to have more potential as a tennis player. She had wins over Margaret Court and Casals as a child, then suddenly stopped growing at 5' 1½". Weight problems ensued and, while Jeanne has struggled along on the tour the past couple of years, the sisters have grown apart.

"It's very difficult sometimes when I get to the finals and I want so much for Jeanne to stay and watch," says Chris. "But I know it's better for her to go on down the road. She has her own younger friends on the tour whom I don't know very well. Jeanne doesn't make as much money as I do and our tastes are different. She goes her own way now. She has to have freedom and get away from me. She's her own person. But I think about her all the time."

Probably Colette has adapted to the family fame best; certainly she enjoys it most. A vivacious, laughing woman, the former Colette Thompson of Larchmont, N.Y., Mom Evert tests the big tournaments as joyous carnivals, her magnetic presence now a staple on the strawberry fields of Wimbledon and the tinkling verandas of Forest Hills.

Such social activity is not her husband's cup of tea. Although troubled by nerves and high blood pressure, Jimmy, 52, says Chris' success is "a dream come true." Thoroughly conscientious about the feelings of the rest of the family, he quickly points out that the success of "each one of them" is the biggest thrill. But Jimmy says that his family's fame has not been easy to handle.

"It is my nature to find things to worry about," he says. "I thought everything would be easier as I grew older. Instead it's gotten harder. Going to tournaments gets me too keyed up. I have the courts to take care of. I want to be concerned about the other children. I want to spend time with John and Clare. I think about not getting a chance to go watch Drew play at Auburn. I worry about Jeanne, her mental state. Then there's Chris and all the high-powered guys with the contracts."

Jimmy went to his first—and only—Wimbledon in 1975, and he has been to Forest Hills a couple of times, but Colette agrees that he doesn't enjoy tournaments anymore. Watching Chris' televised victory over Goolagong in San Francisco earlier this year, Jimmy had to get up and leave the living room; he couldn't stand the tension.

The agents and lawyers and reps and sharks have yet to get a hold on his little girl, though. Aided by his brother Chuck and a local friend, Jimmy himself negotiated Chris' early contracts—with Wilson rackets and Puritan dresses—and recently signed her on with Converse shoes and Borden's cheese. That is the sum of the endorsements. "You can get overexposed, spread too thin," Jimmy says. "We're big cheese eaters, but I don't want Chris getting into tennis clubs or vacation resorts. They demand too much of your time. She makes enough money for our way of living."

Rosie Casals has been after Jimmy to get Chris into tax shelters and permit her to join sister Jeanne in Casals' own condominium operation. Jimmy hasn't budged. Most of the net from the astounding, record-setting \$425,000-plus that

Chris won on the tennis court in 1975 was put into the family's own corporation, Evert Enterprises, which was formed when Chris turned pro and which includes pensions, trust funds, profit sharing—the works. "Our corporation is the best tax shelter there is," says Jimmy.

On her own, Chris recently sought out and got a contract with the Ford modeling people in a genuine attempt to broaden her horizons outside the game.

"My father is basically a very simple, conservative, uncomplicated man," says Chris. "All the other business that came with tennis was too much. It really aged him. He doesn't laugh or smile as much anymore. There was family, tennis and religion in his life. And that's all there ever was." And still is. Jimmy grew up in a strong Catholic family in Chicago, one of four brothers whose mother, Christine, got them in the habit of going to Mass every day. A Notre Dame man, Jimmy learned when he got in trouble to pray. His brother Chuck says Jimmy has never forgotten.

"Most parents bend a little or lose some flexibility," says Chris, "but to this day I've never heard my mom or dad say a cussword and I never will. They just block everything out. I don't know anybody more conservative. It's amazing. Evil just never existed in our household."

The Everts sent their first two children to St. Thomas Aquinas High rather than to the more elite Cardinal Gibbons. "To keep them humble," according to Colette. Later, John attended Gibbons while Jeanne went to public school. If it is true that a person is shaped most by what happens in the home and the classroom, certainly the unique influences of a parochial education left a mark.

"When I think of childhood, I think of being protected," says Chris. "Protection first. Then Laurie (Fleming) and me. Laurie went to Gibbons but we saw each other every day. We played tennis every day. Away from school, where we wore those hot woolen uniforms, we dressed alike. We acted alike. We thought alike. We even liked the same boys. Boyfriends then were people you saw at the courts, watched their matches, spent the day hanging around and talking tennis with, then went home."

Chris' first real crush was a boy named Pike Rowley with whom she "went steady" until Laurie started liking him too much. Laurie eventually married him.

Growing up, Chris always was reserved, quiet, hesitant; clearly her father's daughter as opposed to the bubbling Jeanne, a ringer in personality for her mother.

"Chris hated excess," remembers Colette. "She thought it was wrong to kiss in public, or to cry. Crying was a sign of weakness. She was always dainty, peace-loving. Never had to be scolded. If three of the kids fought for a toy, Chris was the first to give in."

So this was Chris at an early age. She would not volunteer in class, or say hello unless she was greeted first. She had no confidence. "I was afraid of people," Chris says. "Then the better I got in tennis, the more pride and confidence I got in myself off the court."

The crunch came in the eighth grade when she had to make a choice between tennis and cheerleading. "I loved the uniforms, the noise and excitement. Away games and everything," she says of the latter. "But Dad got upset and I

knew it would take too much time away from tennis."

In high school Chris made it to only one prom, to only one slumber party, to the Pizza Shack after a football game just once. It was a very big deal when she showed up at a social event. The kids couldn't believe that Chris Evert would waste her time just to have a little fun.

She was not permitted to go out with boys until the ninth grade, and long after that her father would sit up waiting for Chris to come home from every date.

"I know my parents were doing their best," she says. "But to miss the slumber parties! That was a time in my life when it was important to have friends. Kids are insecure then and need somebody to depend on. I was such a loner in high school. That just contributed."

Her parents' tight grasp persisted through Evert's tennis milestones. In 1970, when Chris was 14, they allowed her to fly on an airplane alone for the first time. She flew to a tournament in Charlotte with Fleming, where she beat Francoise Durr and Margaret Court on successive days. "Margaret said she was injured, so we didn't know whether the wins in Charlotte meant anything," says Jimmy.

The only thing those wins meant was that Chris Evert's world had changed forever, and the top hasn't stopped spinning. In 1971 Chris stunned Forest Hills. At the beginning of 1972 she embarrassed Billie Jean King on Florida clay, 6-1, 6-0, then set Wimbledon throbbing with her match against Goolagong, not to mention the beginnings of her relationship with Connors. In 1973 she toured the Continent, getting acclimated to the red, dusty surfaces of Paris and Rome, which she would return to and dominate during the next two summers. In 1974 she won everything worth winning except Forest Hills, and she nailed that one last September.

All along the way, Colette was always there to make sure the apron strings were—if not taut—available. But in Europe in the summer of 1973 Colette Evert realized she was losing her little girl.

"I knew I was becoming a fixture," Colette says. "I tried to stay in the background. I really did. But it was a stage of my own life as a parent when I wasn't sure what to do. Chris started ignoring me when the other players were around. She didn't want to seem like mama's girl. I was hurt, badly hurt. But I understood."

What happened was that the Connors episode was building. Word spread through the women's locker room that Chris was sneaking off with Jimmy behind her mother's back. Resentment flared.

"I really got to hate my mother always being around," Chris says. "My mother and I were never friends. She was just a, well, mother, tending to my ways. I must have been awful to live with that summer. For one thing, I was playing badly. The girls were losing respect for me. I'd come back to the room at night and want to go out with Jimmy, and there would be—my mother. I'd say to myself, 'Why are you here?' But I didn't want to leave her alone. Oh God, I'm so glad that period is over."

The climax came after Forest Hills that autumn of '73. Relaxing at home, Chris suddenly flew off to California to see Connors. She did not tell her parents. Instead, she left a

note that said something to the effect of, "Don't worry; I'm O.K.; I'll call." Then she just went. "I still can't believe I did it," Chris says. "It must have really crushed them. But I had to. I knew they would never approve. Their grip was too strong. I felt tied down with no freedom whatsoever. Since then they've treated me like a grown-up. The best part is my mother became my friend."

Helen Wills went six years without losing a tennis match; before her, Suzanne Lenglen became furious if she even lost a game; the wondrous Margaret Connolly won the U.S. and World Championships practically in swaddling clothes before the horseback accident that struck down her career; Margaret Court won the Grand Slam twice, as well as a mess of Big Four titles; King, until she turned into a conglomerate, played some fairly historical tennis herself, winning 19 Wimbledon championships in all, counting singles, doubles and mixed doubles, in addition to 10 Forest Hills titles.

Yet not even these accomplishments overshadow what Chris Evert already has done. She has won Forest Hills once, Wimbledon, the French and Italian championships twice each, and the richest (and maybe toughest) of all, the Virginia Slims championship, three times—before her 21st birthday. She has a current streak on clay of 95 consecutive winning matches and 20 winning tournaments. Except for single-set contests with the Phoenix Racquets of World Team Tennis, she has lost only four times in the last year, and each defeat seems to be accompanied by presses stopping and the Dow Jones hurtling into the basement.

One can speculate that if Evert were not around, King still might be. Chris never beat Billie Jean on grass in three meetings, but she came awfully close the last time (Wimbledon, 1975). And B.J. never took Chris on clay; the only time they even split sets on the slow surface was in their very first match.

While Evert's current rival, the dazzling Goolagong, surely is playing the finest tennis of her life, their 1976 matches show Chris ahead four to two, including her Wimbledon victory. She has beaten Evonne nine of the last 11 times they have met, outside WTT.

Evert's match temperament, her attitude about the game, is something special. Tintin recalls a breakfast conversation with Chris before a match with Martina Navratilova. "Chris said she hoped they would have a good match," he remembers. "I have never heard a champion say anything of the sort. Champions always want to win love and love, win easy, dominate and then get off. This girl said she felt so much better after a good match. She is extraordinary."

While the Slims tour is full of future stars—a Navratilova and Barker here, a Dianne Fromholtz and Terry Holaday there—no one is likely to see the precision, efficiency, concentration and spectacular winning streaks of an Evert again soon. "Maybe ne-vair another Kwiss-see," says Francoise Durr.

That would seem to take care of the tennis, the romance is hardly so stable. If it is true that Evert came into Jimmy Connors' life at a difficult time for him, he also provided a secure shoulder for her when it was most needed. At 18 Chris

continued

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GIRL NEXT DOOR *continued*

went from total dependence upon her family to considerable reliance on Jimmy. When the two called off their engagement, Chris found herself completely on her own for the first time. It must have been quite a shock.

The engagement had been broken for two months when Evert came off the court in Sarasota one day to be met by a TV reporter seeking her reaction to the news that Connors' new partner was Mean Mary Jean of Dodge car fame. Though she was taken aback, Evert handled the interview with aplomb. But, says Kristaen Shaw, she later threw a sobbing morning tantrum.

At Wimbledon in 1975, after Connors kept showing up with actress Susan George—the women players called this "Jimmy's all-time cheap shot"—Chris remained in seclusion, never gracing the players' upstairs tearoom where the tournament in crowd gathers. She was deeply hurt on that occasion. But at this year's Wimbledon, while Connors frolicked with yet another glamorous companion, Margorie Wallace, Evert went her own way socially—dating, partying and showing up often at the tearoom. "Chris made up her mind to hold her head up, go anywhere she pleased and have fun this time," says Ziegenfuss. And, by the way, to win the tournament.

"When I had marriage to look forward to, I played looser; tennis wasn't everything," Chris says. "Jimmy was always security. Then when he was gone, there was limbo. That period is over now."

Since the estrangement from Connors, Evert has glided through much more than the usual growing-up procedures, especially in the last year. She has become independent, she makes her own decisions, she lives her own life. She has left the pain of her insecurities behind and matured into a warm, open human being—"blossomed like a flower," in Jeanie Brinkman's words.

Evert is one of the leading joke tellers on the circuit and one of its most popular members. "Is there anybody who doesn't like Chris?" Heldman says. "It's impossible not to like Chris."

Notwithstanding momentary lapses, it is intriguing that for the most part Evert has gravitated not so much back home during this period of adjustment as toward the friendship and life-style of Shaw and Brinkman, women who hold out the

special allure of a glamour she never knew existed.

"You know, Jeanie is such a lady," Evert invariably says of Brinkman, the beautiful promotions director who always looks as if she has stepped out of a Cadillac ad.

Shaw, a former tour regular who has been playing World Team Tennis with Evert in Phoenix this summer, lives the plush life of a nouveau riche young married New Yorker with her husband Rick, Riverside Drive apartment, dinners at Nicola's and the Palm, shopping at Bergdorf's and Saks. Hair and nails by Jean Pierre.

When Evert has time off, she visits the Shaws more often than she goes home. Kristien has influenced Chris' wardrobe, taken her to an eyebrow-bleach man, introduced her to the Laszlo makeup line and finally ("after two years," Kristien says) persuaded Chris to cut her hair five inches shorter.

Shaw has become Evert's sounding board, confidante, fashion setter and guru. "Chris told me that the first time she saw me I had on granny glasses with braids tied up around my head, and I was reading a French book," Kristien says with a laugh. "She said that impressed her. We're so alike."

Meanwhile, it has taken some two years post-Mom for Evert to weave her way into the basic fabric of the tour and achieve meaningful relationships with the players she leads (in title, at least) as the president of the Women's Tennis Association. Billie Jean King worries about the young prexy, worries that Chris may be too concerned about the future, what she will do after her tennis is over. "Are you happy?" B.J. asks Evert just about weekly. "That's the most important thing."

Casals, who has become a close adviser, thanks Chris is having the time of her life. "She's going through all the phases," says Rosie. "She's free for the first time. She can do her New York dolly number with Kristien, or go home and play house with the folks. She can spend time on backgammon with the girls or go out with different guys. Then, too, she's more knowledgeable about Jimmy now."

Ah yes, Jimmy. Still. Many years ago Evert ditched her high school basketball-player flame back home for a romp under the klieg lights with Connors. As Julie

continued



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THE NEW NATION
Companion Issue to TIME's July 4, 1776 Bicentennial Issue



GIRL NEXT DOOR

Heldman says, "The first man in a young girl's life remains the most important one to her for a long time." And, so, Jimmy.

Until last spring the sweethearts' ements talked on the phone about four times a week—more often after Connors got testy about the Ever-Jack Ford publicity. But then Connors reneged on plans to meet Evert in Philadelphia and Los Angeles at her Slims events. Instead he took up with Wallace, the former Miss World who had been linked with Jimmy Brown and Peter Revson, among other athletic swans. And suddenly sports' quaintest couple busted up, perhaps for good.

Many who knew them well kept insisting all along that Connors and Evert would be married one day (Evert once told a writer, "The man I marry will have to be a great tennis player"). Now these people are not so sure. "Jimmy's going to run off and hurt her once too often," says an Evert confidante. "Chris is not exactly pining away. Next time he comes back, she won't be waiting."

"Let's put it this way," says Chris. "Jimmy and I are more solid now. We know how each other feels. I always thought I would play tennis three or four years, then settle down and raise a family. But each year I play it's going to be harder to leave. I'd be a fool to stop now with all this money around and waste my talent. I can see playing a few more seasons, then gradually slipping into retirement. But I don't know. I don't feel secure anymore about the future. My life isn't mapped out for me, and that's kind of fun. There is a certain excitement in not knowing what's going to happen. I guess I'll just have to wait to read the book."

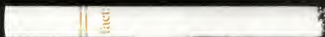
In the meantime, Evert is charting her course as befits a true child of the liberated generation. This is no small achievement.

One day in 1969, when Evert was a 14-year-old wonder tot and had just guined one of her first important victories, her grandmother Christine, who was to die of cancer a few weeks later, whispered to her namesake, "Chris. Someday for me, No. 1."

Now she is that. It must come as sweet fulfillment to the family, the world of women's tennis and the girl herself that Chris Evert has achieved all this—and womanhood, too.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week
Aug. 16-22

BALIAARD—LARRY LIVIDITI of Dixie Springs, Conn., won the \$50,000 World Open Polo Ballad Championship in Aubrey Park, N.J., beating Steve Mariani of Perth Amboy, N.J. 150-100 (page 16).

BOWLING—JIM FRAZIER of Spokane, Wash., won his first PBA title when he defeated Mark Roth of Stuart, Ind., N.Y. 215-113 in the \$60,000 New England Open in Cranston, R.I.

PATTY COSTELLO of Scotland, Pa., beat Jennifer Robertson of Flint, Mich. 248-221 in the \$20,000 Greater Miami FWBA Classic.

OWING—CYNTHIA McINVALE of Dallas won her 21st and 24th national titles in the AAU outdoor driving championships in Decatur, Ala., as she successfully defended her one-meter springboard event and won three three-meter championships. Jeanne Chamberlain, the three-meter gold medalist at Montreal, did not qualify for the final in her specialty and placed seventh in the one-meter. JIM KENNEDY of Oxford, Ohio, won the men's three-meter and one-meter springboard championships. KENT VOSLER, who won second in the three-meter springboard, won the bronze platform, and BARBARA WINSTON of Canton, Mass., won the women's 10-meter.

PRO FOOTBALL—Redskins' injured Larry Seiple at fullback. Marsh White bolted through Pittsburgh for 100 yards in the New York Giants' season opener 17-10 to give their third consecutive victory in 10 days. The New York Jets finally won their first game for coach Lou Holtz, beating Houston 27-24. Bob Griese threw touchdown passes on Miami's first three drives in the Dolphins' season opener. Tampa Bay's home debut defeating the Buccaneers 26-31 before 71,178. Denver cruised to a 38-7 halftime lead and crushed Seattle 37-10 for the Seahawks' fourth straight defeat. New Orleans beat Baltimore 38-20 on Mike Stanton's three-yard touchdown run after 11:20 of overtime and Buffalo Green Bay 17-0 from Tom Allen's 23-yard touchdown pass to rookie Sammy White with 24 seconds left to play in Minnesota's last game. John Elway's two touchdowns powered Los Angeles over Oakland 23-14. Rookie Oilers won their three touchdowns passed to rookie Duke Ferguson as Dallas won its 10th consecutive season opener 30-16. Jan Stenerud's 36-yard field goal with 14 seconds to play enabled Kansas City to beat Washington 23-20. St. Louis landed Chicago in five loss after three victories, 26-14. New England defeated another Atlanta 38-10 and quarterback Tim Lincecum led San Francisco to a 17-16 victory over San Diego in Honolulu.

GOLF—RIK MAXWELL finished third border for a first round 68 and an 18-under-par total of 286 to score a one-stroke victory over J. C. Snodgrass and Al Geiberger in the \$210,000 Suncoast Classic in Greater Maryland Open.

KATHY WILHELM had a seven-under-par 212 to win the \$55,000 Betty Berg Classic, in St. Paul. She missed ahead of Sandra Post.

DOONNA HERTON of Jacksonville moved ahead for a 10-fifty-four hole put on the 31st hole and beat Marjorie Berman of San Diego 2 and 1 to win the 70th U.S. Women's Amateur championship at Sacramento.

HARNESS RACING—KEYSTONE ORF (55:80) drives by Morris Blanton, cleared the fastest mile over by a 3-year-old mare at Yonkers Raceway as he won the \$200,000 Sun Pace in 1:57. Trained American Ranges placed sixth.

Long shot **TROPICAL STORM** (58:20), won Ralph Bolden in the sulky, won the \$145,000 Empire State Trot in 1:57.20 in the Suncoast Mile.

HORSE RACING—HONEST PLEASURE (56:20) Craig Pernis up 1st through and won the \$110,000 Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., in a race record 2:00.10 in the 100-year-old race.

HATCHER MAN (51:40) Victor Bianchini Jr. in the trap, upset Joseph Hane and George in the \$110,000 4th Annual H. Harker Handicap at Monmouth Park. Carrying only 112 pounds, his lightest weight this year, Hatcher Man covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:07.05. Donald place Hatcher Man carried 136 pounds in an attempt to join Kiefer and Tom Holt (Hatcher Man's grandpa,

who died two weeks ago at the age of 27) as the only American thoroughbred to win under that weight in 10 furlongs.

SHARP GARY (52:00) Sam Maple up, won the \$100,000 Michigan Mile and One-Eighth at Livonia. BOB ALGLINT, the 3-5 favorite and thoroughbred racing's 17th million-dollar winner, finished a seasonal bid in his 16th starting during the race, he closes out his career with total earnings of \$1,004,615.

NICKTARA (\$11,000), sired by William Garwood, equaled Arlington Park's track record of 2:00.05 for 1 1/4 miles in winning the \$120,000 Sheridan Handicap.

MOTOR SPORTS—AL CUNSTER, driving a Ferrari 500s, set record 121.967 mph to win the 200-mile, \$100,000 Tony Bettenhausen USAC championship race in Milwaukee.

DAVID PEARSON drove his Mercury at an average 140.073 mph over the 200 laps of the Michigan International Speedway two-mile oval to win the 100-lap \$100,000 NASCAR race at Cambridge Junction.

ROGER NASL, the defending champion Tampa Bay Rowdies defeated New York 3-1 and eliminated the Cosmos from the playoffs. In other quarterfinal games, Toronto beat Chicago 3-1 in overtime, San Jose defeated Dallas 2-0 and Minnesota stopped Seattle 3-0 (page 25).

ANL, New York beat Rhode Island 2-1 for the Eastern Division championship and Los Angeles defeated Tacoma by the same score for the Western Division title. The Apollos and the Sabquas, a new team this season, will meet in Los Angeles for the ASL championship, which New York has won two of the last three years.

TERRE—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Poland's Wojtek Kula 6-2, 6-4 to win the men's singles and 321.81% in the U.S. Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis.

MIRNA JALUSOVIC of Yugoslavia defeated Evelyne Meier of Canada 6-2, 6-0 to win the women's singles at the Canadian Open in Toronto.

WTT, The New York Sevens beat the London Gators 31-23 in Oakland to take a 3-0 lead in their best-of-five championship series. The Sevens gained the lead by rallying to defeat Pittsburgh 29-21 and San Francisco 34-20 and won the opening match 30-23. After Jean Kang picked New York with a pair of 6-4 victories over Evans College. The Gators qualified for the finals by upsetting Western Division champion Florence 22-18 and 26-18.

TRAIL & FIELD—MIKE BOST of Kenya and Eastern Star Mexico's Leveney, who was unable to compete in the Olympics, because of the African boycott, beat Belgian river modelist Leo Van Damme and American bronze medalist Rick Wainwright in Zurich on Wednesday when he ran the 800 meters in 1:43.9. De Ford in West Berlin beat Westholter by almost four seconds with a 4:03.6, the second fastest time in history and only one tenth of a second off the world record set at Montreal by Alberto Tomba of Cuba.

THE SOVIET UNION's national team—TATYANA PROKHODKINA, VALENTINA GERASIMOVA, SVETLANA STYRKINA and TATYANA RAZAN, R.N.K.—shot 118 seconds off the women's world record when they ran the 4, 800-meter relay in 7:53.2 in Potsdam, U.S.S.R. The previous record of 7:53.2 was by the Los German team earlier this month.

MILPOTS—BRED JERRY WEST, 38, third time leading winner in NBA history, in coach of the Los Angeles Lakers. West, who retired as a player in 1974 after 14 seasons with the Lakers, replaced Bill Sharman, who became assistant general manager.

REPUTATED—SERGI NEMTSANOV, 17-year-old Soviet diver who defected to Canada during the Olympic Games, Novosibirsk said he was willing to go back to the Soviet Union, in return for a passport.

NEED THE STATE OF DELAWARE, by the National Football League, is using a temporary order increasing the state from selling a lottery for betting on NFL games.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TOM McINVALE
WINNER, OWING

At the Eastern Masters AAU Track and Field Championships in California, Sp., McInvalle, 48, won the 100-yard dash, the long, triple and high jumps, the shotput and javelin, and broke the 120-yard high-jump record with a 1' 11"



BRUCE COMSTOCK
VICE AMERICAN

Scoring 3,691.67 points of a possible 3,750 in three events, Comstock won the sixth annual National Hot Air Balloon Championship in Indianapolis. He also triumphed in 1972, missing the first balloon to win two national titles.



MICHAEL ROHDE
VICTORIAN N.Y.

Winning six games, losing none, and drawing three for a total of 7 1/2 points, Michael, 17, won the Scholastic (Belmont) Youth Chess Tournament, defeating Boris Taborsky, 16, of the Soviet Union, who came in second with seven points.



MARK HERTEN
WINNER, TEXAS

Seventeen-year-old Herten, became the first left-hander in 31 years to win the 50th annual 72-hole Team State Junior Golf Championship when he shot 279, nine strokes under par, on the Braconridge Park course in San Antonio.



STUART THOMSEN
WINNER, CALIF.

Stuart, 18, won the 15- and over expert class during the Georgia State Open Invitational Bayview Morris-Cross Race in Marietta. He set a record of 29.4 seconds for the 1,010-foot course, which bettered the old mark by more than three seconds.



GARRYN SARAVAY
WINNER, TEXAS

Darius, 12, won the national 15- and under barebow archery title in Aurora, Ill. He scored 964 points to break the two-day banner record by 27 points and tallied 2,393 in the five-day competition, 37 more than the previous record.

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SYMBOLISM

Sir:

Ron Firmin's article on come-from-behind baseball races (*Begging for a Miracle*, Aug. 16) was informative and conjured up a lot of "ifs." I got the greatest kick from the two-page color photo of Frank Taveras on his knees at second base with the perplexed look of a man who feels he is safe but has just been thrown out. Look behind Taveras. There's the circular symbol of the Philadelphia Phillies. It's almost as if the Phillies were a Big Brother-type power hovering over Three Rivers Stadium, making sure the Phillies stay where they are.

SKIP VIALI
Chattanooga

Sir:

Could it be that Frank Taveras is pleading for mercy from the symbol over his head?

BRIAN STALLER
Auburn, Pa.

Sir:

If it is true that a picture is worth a thousand words, then that photograph is worth a million. To portray an entire season in one shot is a work of art.

HENRY D. JONES
Detroit

Sir:

Reading Ron Firmin's fine article made me wonder if baseball has too few playoff games. Out of 24 teams, only four can compete in postseason play. I believe baseball should follow pro basketball's lead and have at least the top two finishers in each division compete in the playoffs.

JOE M. BOSCO
San Francisco

BOTTLES AND CANS (CONT.)

Sir:

SI's venture into the world of bottles and cans (*The Pivot of No Returns*, Aug. 2) is an one-sided piece of reporting as has been done on this issue since Oregon put its famous "bottle bill" into effect in 1972.

Apparently lost on SI's writer is the fact that the Yosemite Park experiment is part of an attempt by the federal EPA to force a return to deposit containers for all beer and soft drinks. The same tired arguments advanced in the article have been used for the past five years by those who seek a simplistic solution to a complex problem.

The answer to litter is to educate those who do the littering—not to tamper with a packaging system that has brought low-cost beverages to millions and employment to hundreds of thousands. And, if, under the deposit system, the return rate at Yosemite is 76%,

as SI says, then 24 out of every 100 bottles are still out there with the bears. That's no bargain energywise or any other way.

JOHN F. MCGOLDRICK
Director of Communications
Americas Can Company
Greenwich, Conn.

Sir:

Jerry Uhrhammer compounds the problem by polarizing the issue. We concur with environmentally concerned people on the goals that must be met. We differ primarily on the methods of achieving these goals.

Uhrhammer cites a source stating that beverage-related litter in Oregon was reduced substantially during the first years of the Oregon bottle law. He does not state, however, that overall litter was reduced by less than 11%. The debate over the Oregon bill created a high level of publicity. The United States Brewers Association has long maintained that consistent information and education contribute a great deal to the public's ability to change littering habits. In this regard, the author misses the significance of what the spokesman from Willamette National Forest was saying when he was quoted: "The bottle bill has created an emphasis, an awareness."

Uhrhammer states that jobs were created because of the Oregon law. He does not point out that skilled jobs were lost.

There was a loss of sales in beer and soft drinks in Oregon and a corresponding loss in tax revenues to the state. In fact, the normal rate of sales increase in Oregon practically came to a standstill after the law took effect.

The article is based on laws restricting containers in only two states. Uhrhammer does not mention that the public, when given the opportunity to express its view, voted against such prohibitive legislation all eight times such referenda have been placed on state and local ballots. The Senate, in passing a solid-waste bill for resource-recovery support, rejected overwhelmingly an amendment to require mandatory deposits. The public is obviously expecting more responsible solutions to litter and solid-waste problems.

There are better alternatives. The Clean Community System has already achieved a 70%-or-better reduction in all litter without any significant cost to the consumer or the community. And resource-recovery programs attack the entire waste stream, not just 6% of it!

CHRISTER E. GARONER
Vice President, Communications
United States Brewers Association
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Re Jerry Uhrhammer's concise reporting of the throwaway-container dilemma, it is clear to me that responsible, pragmatic planning of solutions to environmental concerns can be successful, as evidenced by Oregon's controversial bottle bill. I hope that similar progressive thinking will be shown by voters in those states where deposit-law referenda are appearing and that an example will be set for the U.S. Senate. Perhaps with slightly more objective analysis of the statistics, our elected officials will come to see the value of such legislation.

JIM TAUSCHER
Columbus, Ohio

STICKING UP FOR STONES

Sir:

I wish to thank Kenny Moore for pointing out that high jumper Dwight Stones, as a person and an athlete, is a solid rock indeed (*He Takes His Very Dry, If You Please*, Aug. 16). The rum in Montreal may have turned his gold medal into bronze, but it is no way dampened his determination to succeed, his confidence in his style or his ability to reach greater heights. Evidence of this is his 7'7 1/2" world record.

In the long run, Stones' Montreal experience may prove to be one of the most constructive forces in his life. His comments and actions, as reported in SI, reflect a thoughtful, introspective individual, one who sees himself as merely human. As Stones searches for the "reason why it failed on my parade in Montreal," his character should become even stronger than it already is.

JACK A. MCKENZIE
Clemson, S.C.

SAMOA GRIDDERS

Sir:

In 1931-32, as a 135-pound seaman aboard the coal-burning U.S.S. *Ontario* stationed at Pago Pago, I helped quarterback a Navy football team against native American Samoans—members of the quasi-military native Fiti Fiti Guard—and repeatedly we got clobbered by overpowering weight and football know-how. The barefooted Samoans run over us rough-shod. But it was fun for all hands, and, consequently, Richard W. Johnston's article *Shake 'Em Out of the Coconut Trees* (Aug. 16) set to ringing a number of old, muted bells.

OTTRELL MILLER
Evansville, Ind.

Sir:

In the story on Samoans in American college football, it is mentioned that Al Lolota, the former pro football player, has a

continued

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*The exact amount of gold awarded, should the Grand Prize winner select the gold, will be determined by the 4 P.M. Eastern time, Randy & Harman base price of gold for November 15, 1976, as quoted in The Wall Street Journal on the following day.

**For a complete list of winners, just send a self-addressed, stamped #10 size envelope to Datsun Winners List, P.O. Box 7055, Blue, NE 68009.

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19TH HOLE continued

von, Tifos, who is on a football scholarship at the University of Colorado. There also should have been mention of another son, Rich, who was the heart of the defensive line at Yale in 1969 and 1970 when the Elis allowed fewer than 100 yards per game rushing, to rank ninth nationally in this category in both years and second nationally in total defense in 1969.

BILL GUTHRIE
New Haven, Conn.

OKLAHOMA'S COACH

Sir,
Great article by Ray Kennedy (Boomer's Sooner of 'Em All, Aug. 9). Tears of laughter were in my eyes. That a Nebraska Cornhusker fan like me enjoyed this piece tells what a gifted writer Kennedy is. And thanks to Barry Switzer, too.

JOHN SINCLAIR
Springfield, Vt.

Sir,
That was a wonderful story on Barry Switzer and college football's Big Red Machine. Although I'm a hard-core Buckeye fan, I have to admit that those Sooners are something else!

STEVE MOWREY
Columbus, Ohio

Sir,
I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Barry Switzer. And as a born-and-bred Sooner, I agreed with Switzer up to a point. But I must disagree that everywhere in Oklahoma it is OU football. To me and thousands of others from Oklahoma State University, it is Cowboy football. I wish the best of luck to the University of Oklahoma this year—in all but one of its games.

DANNIE POWELL
Lawton, Okla.

Sir,
As a resident of the state and a senior at the University of Oklahoma, I was offended by the article. Ray Kennedy pictured Oklahoma as a state of Gomer Pyles with nothing more constructive to do than fry fish and drive pickup trucks.

The aspect of the article that irritated me most was the way in which Barry Switzer was portrayed. Any coach who logs a 32-1-1 record in his first three years (with 28 consecutive victories) should be treated with more respect and dignity. Everyone knows that the game of football is a good deal more than just rounding up "a bunch of country boys having a yahoing good time, playing a game they 'flat-out love.'"

In my four years at OU I've had the pleasure of hearing Coach Switzer speak on numerous occasions, and though he may at times use down-home colloquialisms, he by no means speaks like a LaT Aher. Switzer is a coach with style, flair and a deep knowledge of the game and should be depicted as such. Boomer Sooner!

DENNIS M. WALSH
Norman, Okla.

Sir:

Barry Switzer is an excellent coach and has compiled a fine record at Oklahoma, but his knowledge of football history is less than perfect. He says of three of his starters who went to the pros in the 1976 draft, the first, fourth and 11th players chosen, that "no college has ever had three players go that high."

In 1966 Michigan State's Bubba Smith, Clint Jones, George Webster and Gene Washington were chosen first, second, fifth and eighth in the NFL draft. However, it was a loss from which Michigan State has yet to recover. I hope that Oklahoma has a better fate.

JOHN BARCLUME
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Sir,

In 1968 USC had five players drafted in the first round. Ron Yary was picked 10th, Mike Taylor 10th, Tim Rossovich 14th, Mike Hull 16th, and Earl McCulloch 24th.

JOHN L. LIDDLE
Riverside, Calif.

WRIGLEY PITCHING

Sir,
The Chicago Cubs pitching staff is getting a lot of the blame for its horrendous ERA on Wrigley Field (Pitching Fubs Deub Cubs, July 26). Yet, as I remember, a pitcher by the name of Ferguson Jenkins won 20 or more games for six consecutive years and also won the Cy Young award in the very same stadium. This proves that a talented pitcher can pitch anywhere and still win games. The Cubs pitchers are simply not talented.

VINCE PUNZO
St. Louis

• Although Jenkins did have six 20-win seasons with the Cubs, he also averaged 14 losses a year and had the benefit of offensive and defensive support from such teammates as Billy Williams, Don Kessinger, Ron Santo, Glenn Beckert and Ernie Banks.—ED

SNAKE SACKING

Sir,
In reference to SCORECARD (July 26), I was in the stands at July 1975 when Bill Wheeler sicked five rattlesnakes in 18.3 seconds. I thought your readers might be interested in some of the rules of snake sacking.

1) All snakes must be unharmed; the penalty for injuring a snake is disqualification from the contest.

2) If the snake bites either itself or the sacker during a contest, a five-second penalty is added to the sacker's time.

All snakes are later released, unharmed, into their natural environment.

DAN PEARSON
Emporium, Pa.

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A vintage color photograph of a woman with short, curly reddish-brown hair, wearing a light-colored blouse and a tan skirt, smoking a cigarette. She is looking towards a man in a suit and glasses who is smiling and standing behind a large metal filing cabinet. The setting is an office with windows and other people in the background.

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av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC.
10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Jan. '70

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